

Vol. 14

No. 3

Macdonald College Magazine



1924

February

March

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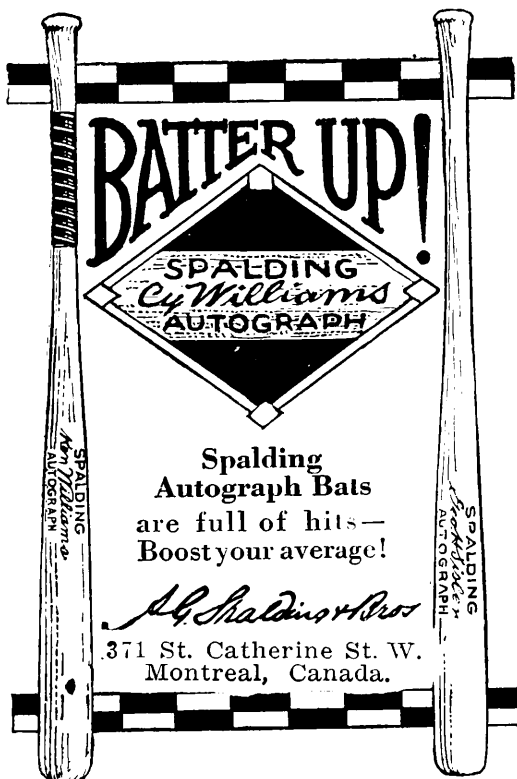
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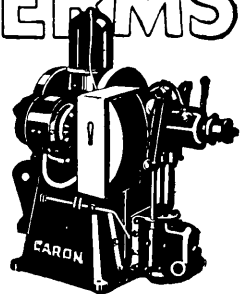
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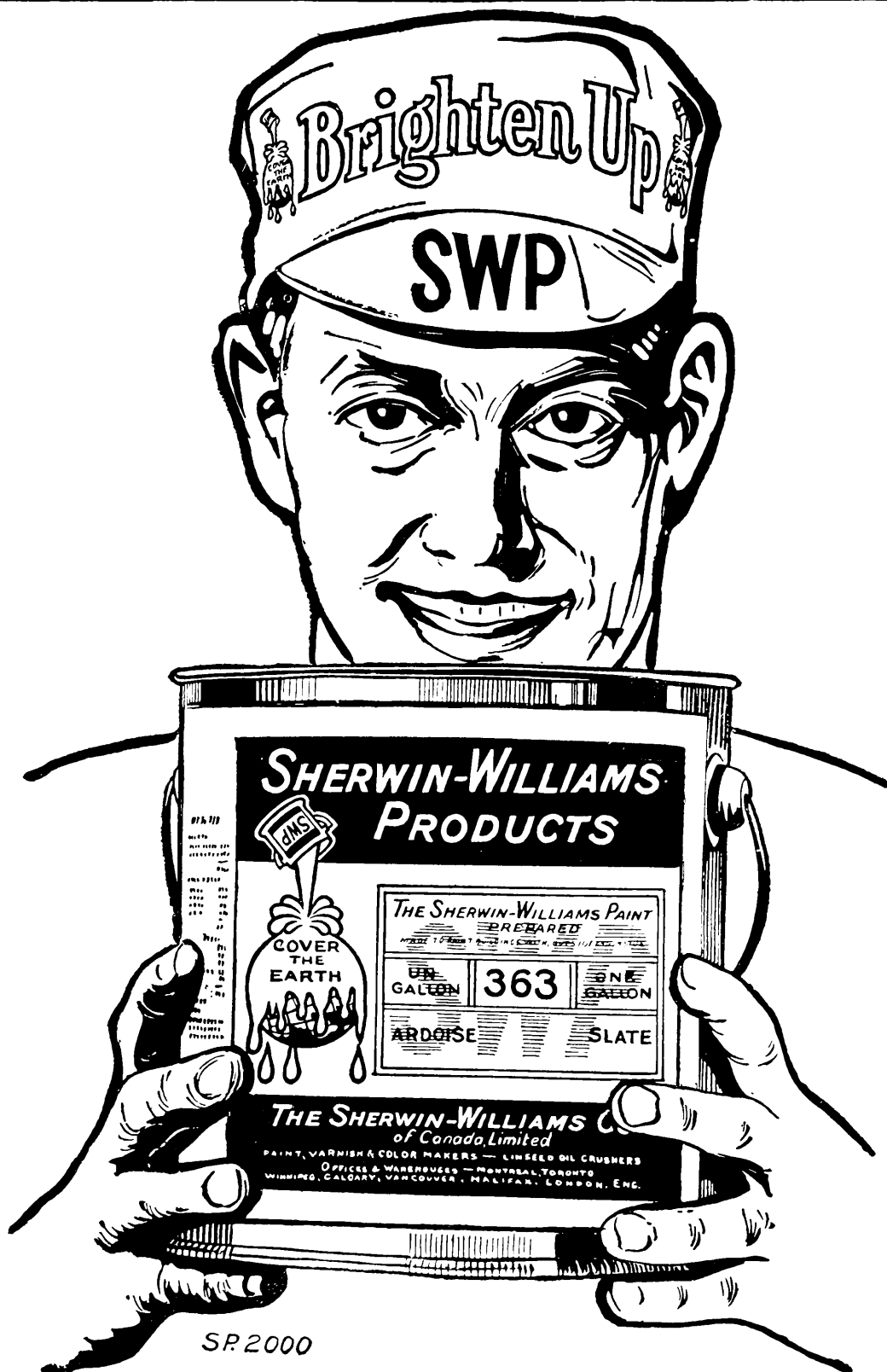
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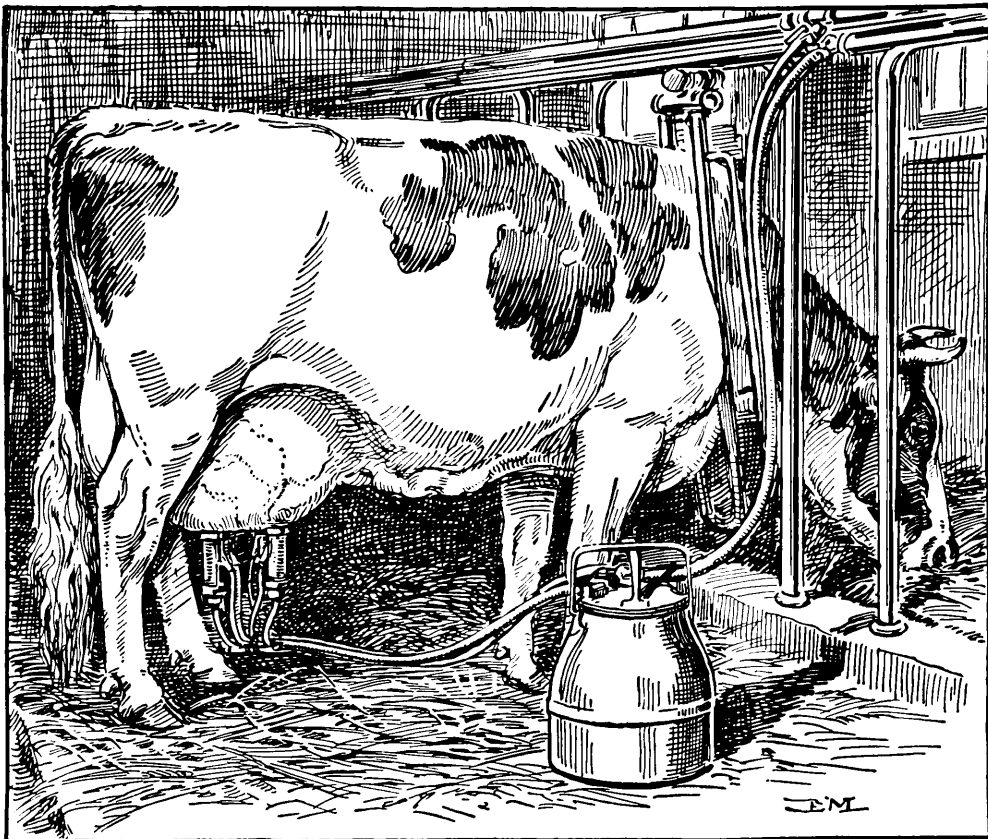


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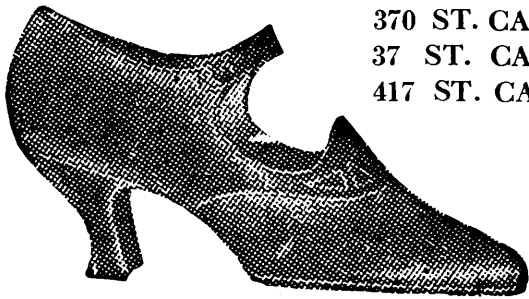
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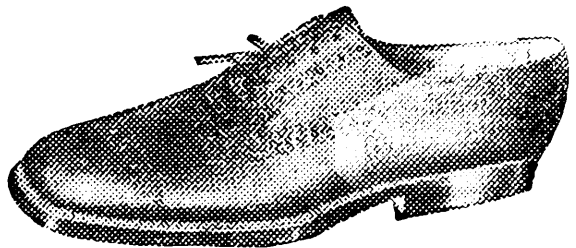


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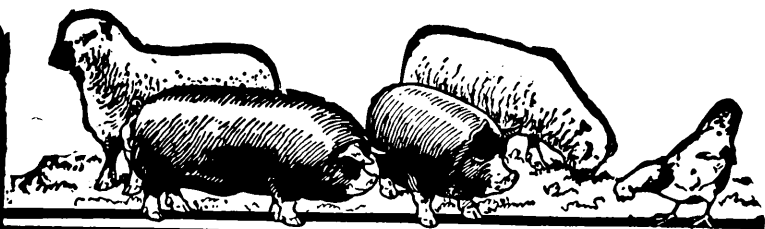
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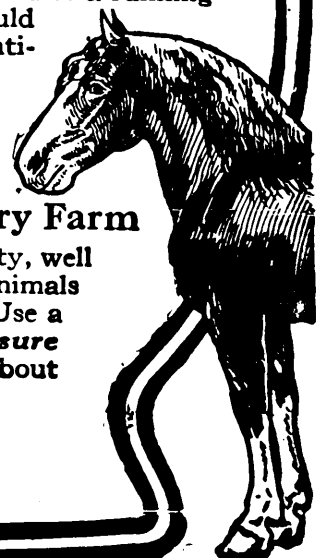
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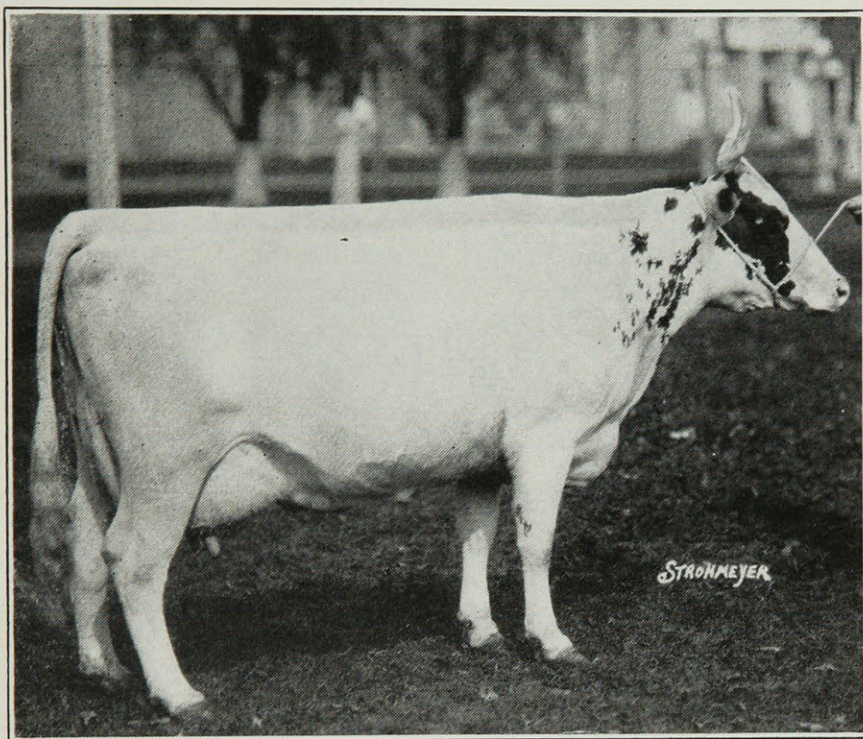
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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE	A March Scene	
The Cultural Value of Handicraft		171
Fans vs. Players — Norris Hodgins		173
On Forecasting Weather — S. W. Hetherington, Agr. '26		175
Au Revoir, Macdonald — The Winter Course		177
AGRICULTURE		
The Short Courses — Richard Cooper, Agr. '26		179
Biennial White Sweet Clover — E. G. Bayfield		180
About Roses — C. E. Belanger, Agr. '25		183
Telephone Seed — R. P. Graham, Agr. '11		187
EDITORIAL		189
HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE		191
TEACHERS		193
UNDER THE DESK LAMP		196
ALUMNI		198
Macdonald Stars in the Western Sky		200
FACULTY ITEMS		205
OUR WIDER INTEREST		207
COLLEGE LIFE		209
ATHLETICS		217
HUMOROUS:		
Embarrassing Situations — H. Hill		228
A Measly Episode — M.J.C.		231
On Asking For a Rise		233
IN LIGHTER VEIN		234

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A March Scene

The Cultural Value of Handicraft

During last term one of the exercises assigned by the Head of the Department of English to the members of the Junior years in Agriculture and Household Science was an interview with certain of the members of the staff of Macdonald College. To my lot fell the pleasure of hearing Dr. Harrison's views on the subject "The Cultural Value of Handicraft."

At the appointed hour I was cordially received. The Principal of Macdonald College disappeared, and in his place sat an enthusiastic artist. I may be thought a dreamer when I state that during that interview his expression was one that very few students have had the pleasure of seeing—that of an art-lover and critic.

For artistic expression, he said, no one branch of handicraft has any advantage over another. Different individuals have different means and materials for the expression of the same basic idea. Some work in metals, noble and base, others in wood, others basket-making, others painting on China and glass. In every case mechanical difficulties must be mastered before the soul is free to express itself. The older craftsmen were professionals. Long years had to be spent as apprentices before they became master workmen. Some of the most outstanding of these worked equally well at different branches of art. Leonardo da Vinci was cited as an example. He was a painter, sculptor, mathematician etc. Benvenuto Cellini, one of whose statues, Perseus, now stands in the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence, was also mentioned. Foremost among British workers in wood were named Chippendale, Adams, Sheraton, Hepple-

white and Grinling Gibbons, the first four, professional cabinet-makers, the last, a wood-carver. Their work was extremely artistic. Pieces by them existing today are much sought after and are very valuable. Grinling Gibbon's wood-carving was really sculpture in wood. That so comparatively perishable a medium was used was perhaps a mistake. Marble would have been better.

Dr. Harrison at this point cited the case of the late Sir William Van Horne, who though President of the C. P. R., a position involving multitudinous duties, found the time to make one of the best collections of Japanese pottery on the Continent, and also to write a monograph on the subject, which was unfortunately unfinished when he died. Mr. Morgan's rock-garden at Senneville was brought forward as an example of the success that can be achieved by amateurs who are artistically inclined. Its owner has for years personally directed its operation, and has during that time, as a result of exhaustive experiments, collected invaluable and extensive data on the subjects therewith connected.

The advantages gained by individuals who in their spare time indulged in handicrafts were next discussed. The hand and eye are made to work together, the former performing faithfully what the eye and directing brain require of it. A seeing eye is also developed. The ordinary man goes through life with his eyes entirely or half closed. He does not appreciate the elements which together make beauty, proportion, balance, unity, line and colour are to him unknown. The craftsman must also possess a con-

structive mind. He must be able in the mind's eye to see the finished article before he begins to work on it with his hands. Extensive reading must also be undertaken. One cannot work to advantage without thorough acquaintance with what has been done in the past by others. Such reading, apart from its direct value, would without doubt be beneficial in many other directions.

Habits formed as a result of a mastery of any branch of handicraft are also likely to be useful. The necessity to plan in advance one's work in detail, and to see the finished product before its actual construction is begun cannot fail to influence the conduct of other departments of life. It enables one to see far ahead, to judge beforehand what the results of a certain line of action will be. One therefore deliberates before taking a step that may lead in the wrong direction.

Japanese and native Indian art also received attention. These races have their own unique tastes, and it is to be regretted that attempts to incorporate modern and western ideas are being made. The results are nondes-

cript, possessing neither the virtues of one nor of the other.

The influence on art of the modern factory system is to be deplored. The day of the professional craftsman is rapidly passing away. After a few years handicrafts will be practised by amateurs only.

Dr. Harrison made a few passing remarks on his own favourite handicraft—repoussé work. He said that after the work of the day it was excellent recreation to beat out on a bit of copper or brass pent-up worries and troubles. He also referred to his stay in Switzerland, where, from his room he could see together in the distance three snow-capped peaks, (one was the Jungfrau), the rich green valleys below, whose aspect in spring was a feast for the eyes, and in another direction the beautiful blue of Lake Geneva.

These in their varying moods, their rich and ever-changing hues, gave to his life an ever-present and never-to-be-forgotten charm. The ability to fully appreciate the beauties of nature in this and in other regions, was to some extent at least, he said, due to the influence of handicraft.—X.



Fans vs. Players

By NORRIS HODGINS

*"When cosmic matters fill the world
And governments about are hurled,
I note that men of every age
Turn first to read the sporting page
But when the Series games are played,
Or Biff beats Wallop by a shade,
I make this observation sage:
First thing folks read's the sporting
page."*

There is nothing more insidious than the sporting page habit. For years one may go calmly along carefully keeping in touch with world events by a daily glance at the front page (if one be a good citizen), or dulling one's intellect and saddening one's soul through a study of the editorials (if one be a college professor). And then some day one is dragged off by a nephew to see a big league game, or an open championship match—and all is lost.

Ten to one the erstwhile citizen (or professor) will hesitate next day as he turns over the sporting page on his way to the stock markets (or shipping) section.

He just wants to see whether the reporter has properly castigated the rotten work of the umpire at the game at which he assisted yesterday as spectator. And, as he glances over the headings in search of the report in which he is interested, his eye catches certain other names on the page—and he reads little bits about these. Then, next day or the next, he has a shame-faced peek at the page again, to see how his favorite is progressing—and thenceforth he is lost to the foreign correspondents, and to the writers of editorials.

For the erstwhile citizen (or profes-

sor) soon finds out that acquaintance with sport activities reduces his isolation—makes him a good fellow, a friend of the world. Casual loungers on the street, clerks in drug-stores and hardware emporiums, men in smoking compartments of Pullman cars—all thaw when the conversation turns to batting averages. And the man who has once tasted of the cup of good fellowship will not soon go back to the husks of good citizenship or advanced scholarship. For most men would rather be thought well of by their barber than be made superintendent of the Sunday-School.

* * *

The delightful thing about being a "fan" is that no particular prowess is required. It is not necessary that one be an athlete, nor yet a participant in any form of sport, or in any game, to make a place on the bleachers or in the barber shop as a class "A" fan. So that one be able to read the rather indifferent English in which many of our sporting pages are clothed, or, failing this, have a good memory for names and positions of players in the field, and above all, so that one be proficient in the consumption of peanuts and pop, and remember to cry out "Attaboy" and "Robber" from time to time, one may qualify.

When I was younger I thought, in my innocence, that the men who talked so glibly of Ty Cobb, and Jack Johnson, and Jimmie Braid must themselves be great athletes. I hesitated to say my say when in their presence until I should have my full complement of Boy Scout badges at least, and perhaps be captain of the high school football squad.

And then one day I was out in a canoe with a fellow, Gumpers by name. Gumpers was the assistant barber at the only shop in our village, and knew more about sport and players than did anyone else in the neighbourhood. He was particularly well versed on swimmers. He could tell you off hand the length of time taken by Captain Webb in his swim across the channel and the amount of water swallowed in the passage. He knew the time taken by the Olympic champion for the fifty yard swim, crawl style, and was well acquainted with Steve Brodie. Gumpers had just finished giving me his private opinion on the relative chances of the contestants in the approaching international aquatic meet, when a sudden gust of wind overturned the canoe—and Gumpers sank with enthusiasm.

And so with so many fans that I have known. They can't be depended upon as players. Their knowledge is too often entirely theoretical. They know how many home runs Babe Ruth

has made this season, but they couldn't hit a tossed ball with a twelve inch board: they talk knowingly of Dempsey's "right," but couldn't block a straight arm jab delivered by a slow-moving-picture fighter.

* * *

When it comes to choosing players the only test is performance. Appearances are often as deceptive as apparent knowledge. That is to say, one cannot always go upon good looks or fine physique when choosing players for a county horse-shoe tournament, or for a mixed foursome at croquet. For the most handsome blighters sometimes fail to make their shoes land near the peg, and persist in laming themselves every time they get their hands on a mallet.

It is of course an advantage in a player of any sort of game to be well set up, and to possess features chiselled in the approved Grecian style. And if crisp curly hair be available, so much the better. A team in possession of such a player will always be assured of the support of the ladies in the gallery—a thing not lightly to be scorned. But there are hundreds of Apollos who couldn't "gather in" a grounder, nor punt a ball, nor sink a putt—whilst I have seen homely men that were built like Clyde horses pound their way up to the home plate while the centre fielder was still climbing fences.

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On Forecasting Weather

By S. W. HETHERINGTON, Agr. '26.

"Some are weather-wise, some are otherwise" — *Benjamin Franklin.*

Mankind is composed of two main types of person—the unobservant and the observant. The former looks upon the weather as being more fickle than a woman's mind,—whereas the latter knows from experience that the weather is subject to Nature's Laws and consequently vacillates to a reasonable degree only. Weather is rarely subject to change without notice and the changes can be accurately predicted hours or days in advance.

Probably the easiest way to foretell weather is provided through the medium of the weather map. In North America such a chart is prepared jointly by the Canadian and American Weather Bureaus. By a gentlemen's agreement between the two governments the meteorological readings in these countries are available for each. Naturally this should be so, for no matter how high the tariff walls are raised, weather, like the Quebec Liquor Commission's glass soldiers, can't be kept from crossing the imaginary boundary line. It is not however, within the province of the writer to discuss, scientifically or otherwise, the use of a weather map. It is enough to say that he who would forecast the weather by means of it should be familiar with the terms used on the map; a knowledge of such will enable him to interpret the observations intelligently. He should also note that most storm centers in Canada originate in the Pacific Ocean or in the far western provinces and travel eastward at the rate of from five hundred to one

thousand miles a day. The speed at which these storms travel and their fondness for a fixed general route make it possible to forecast changes two to four days in advance. When taken advantage of, this is an invaluable aid to farmers and mariners. More than one crop, and many ships have been saved by giving heed to this timely warning.

The ordinary citizen who possesses no barometer, subscribes to no daily newspaper, and has never seen a weather map is often an expert in the forecasting of weather. He is no wizard and should not be burned at the stake when he makes the disheartening announcement that it will storm tomorrow. Perhaps he knows several poetical attempts similar to the following, each of which makes the correct forecast about a special brand of weather:

"Evening red and morning gray,
Help the traveler on his way."

"An evening gray and morning red,
Will send the shepherd wet to bed."

"Mackerel sky, mackerel sky,
Not long wet, nor yet long dry."

"If hoar-frost comes on mornings
twain,
The third day surely will have rain."

"Eyes have they, but they see not"
may well be said of most of us. We admire flowers for their beauty or fragrance but do not stop to think

what wonderful weather prophets some of them really are. Have you noticed that many close before a rain, while others unfold as if to welcome the refreshing moisture? Dr. Jenner recorded his observations on this point in these words:

"Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel!
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow."

Frogs, leeches and spiders can foretell weather with great accuracy. If a frog is placed in a glass jar partly full of fresh water, with a small wooden ladder for him to climb, an excellent natural barometer is obtained. On a fair day the tiny amphibian will stay below the surface most of the time, but when a storm threatens he will clamber up on the ladder and so remain until the weather clears.

Leeches are exceedingly sensitive to weather changes. If one were substituted for the frog and the ladder removed, an even more accurate weather indicator could be made. The little meteorologist would remain on a fair day quietly at the bottom of the water, but at the approach of a storm it would rise to the surface and appear unsettled. At the coming of wind or thunder it would get very excited and run rapidly about.

Spiders apparently have a weather bureau of their own. In anticipation of foul weather or wind they shorten and strengthen the filaments of their webs. When fair weather is near they get very active and lengthen the thread-like structures. They know the flies will soon be flitting about and seem anxious to have their parlors ready.

The shopping or visiting habit of the female sex of the *genus homo* is believed by many to be indicative of a

change in the weather. Observations show that just prior to a storm woman becomes uneasy in her home and sallies forth on a trip to Woolworth's, or to make a call on the dispenser of the latest news in the village. This peculiarity was noticeable even in the days of Shakespeare, who wrote quite pertinently in *Henry VIII*: "Two women plac'd together makes cold weather." (Apparently the object of man's veneration has changed but little during the past millennium).

Many birds,—other than the species mentioned in the preceding paragraph,—know instinctively when a storm is imminent and presage its arrival by sweet and plaintive solos. Anyone who hasn't heard the robin's rain-song has missed her sweetest melody.

Popular myth and rural tradition show that special days have significance as weather forecasters. The universal superstition throughout Christendom that good weather on "woodchuck" or Candlemas day (February 2) indicates a long continuance of winter and a poor crop, is recapitulated in the words of the old Scottish rhyme:

"If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half of winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule."

The common adage regarding St. Swithin, as every one knows, is to the effect that, as it rains or is fair on the 15th of July, there will be a continuous track of wet or dry weather for the ensuing forty days. The "Land of the Heather" has made this belief immortal in the following verse.

"St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

Lack of space forbide more than this cursory treatment of the subject. The writer hopes, however, that it is complete enough to provoke discussion and give weather-forecasting its important place in life.

In conclusion, the reader is advised to talk about and forecast the weather, but in so doing to veil his prophecies so that they may be interpreted in two ways, even as the Oracle at Delphi did in the days of long ago.

Au Revoir, Macdonald

It was over the supper table that we, the members of the Winter Course, first made the acquaintance of those whom we were afterwards to know as our class-mates. Feeling the truth of the saying, none is so lonely as a stranger in a crowd, many a one spent most of his first meal at Macdonald wondering whether he would get a pleasant room-mate. This last question was soon to be answered for us, in most cases very satisfactorily.

For the next few days initiation hung over us, and those who knew told us weird stories of the terrors of the ceremony at other colleges. It was not long, however, before our doubts were set at rest, for late one night we were hauled from our beds, blindfolded and dragged down to the gym where we were subject to a number of more or less unpleasant experiences which culminated in our being brought before the judge. After a sentence, which included an order to refrain from fussing for three weeks, we posed for a photograph (in full regalia), and the evening was terminated with rerefreshments, at the expense of our tormentors. The writer is here obliged to state that everyone thoroughly enjoyed his initiation and it is with great pleasure that we thank the organizers for the gentle way in which they handled the event. We understand

that we may have been the last class to be honored with an initiation, a possibility which fills the majority with regret.

It was not long before we began to realize the value of our course, to appreciate the advantages offered by Macdonald and to take part in all the college activities for which we were eligible. The mid-term examinations, however, came all too soon and made many of us wonder whether we were really assimilating a fair proportion of the lectures that were being given us.

After the vacation we all came back filled with Christmas fare and New Year resolutions to make the Winter Course of 1924 a landmark in the history of Macdonald. How far we succeeded it is for others to say, but we look back with pride on a certain game with the Seniors in which our baseball team covered itself with glory. Other members of the class distinguished themselves by getting the measles and not a few proved to be excellent "fussers." This reminds us that we should mention one, Rupert Riley, who joined the class about this time.

As time went on we gradually learned to feel that more and more we were Macdonald Students and to take a justifiable pride in our institution. We also began to feel that valuable as the

class room is, some of the greatest benefits of a college course are to be found in the opportunities that the student has of association with (co-) educated people.

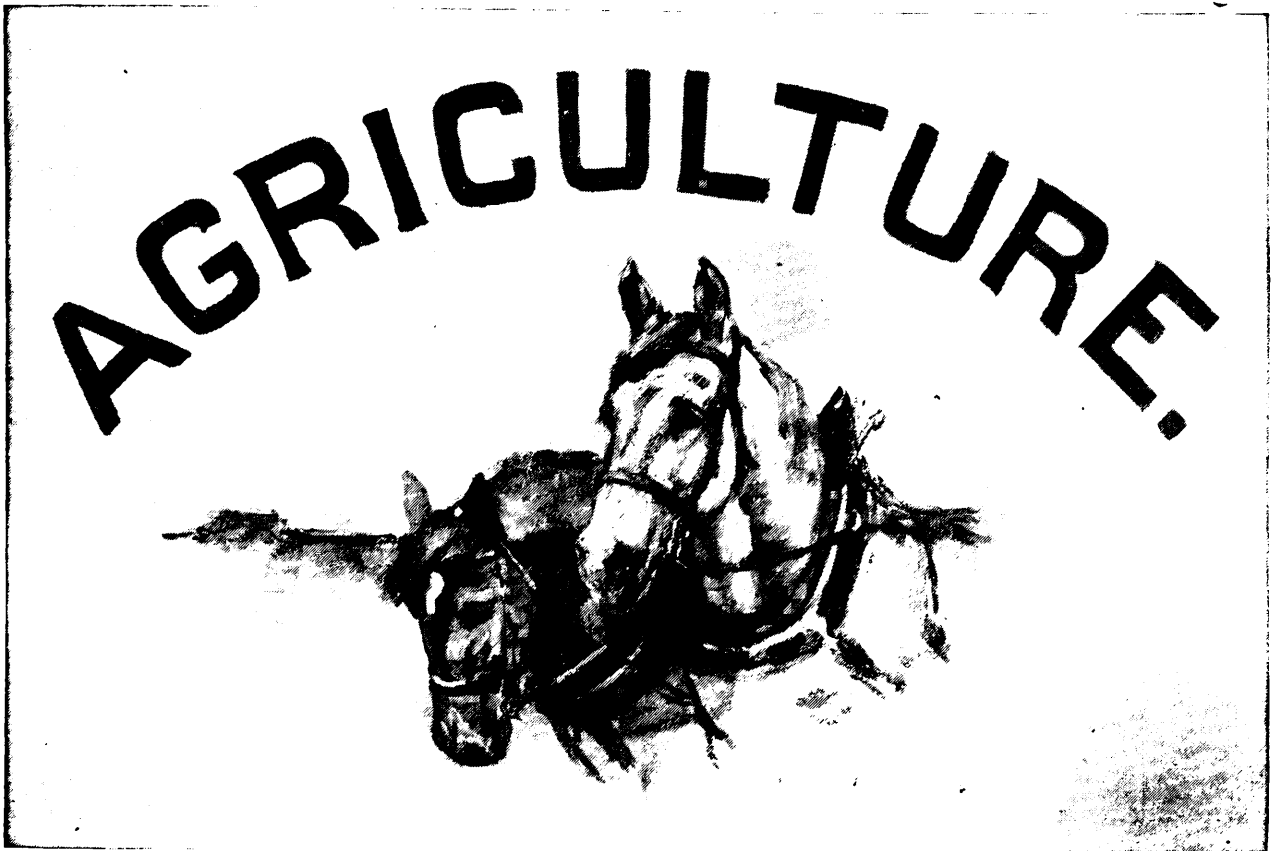
We were all genuinely sorry when the dripping roofs reminded us that the farms were calling and that our days at Macdonald were numbered. However, we do not feel that we are

returning empty handed. We can look back on a winter spent in profitable study and not unprofitable recreation. Finally we are determined not to allow Macdonald to lapse into a mere memory, but to do our best to maintain the friendships which we have formed with both staff and students.

—The Winter Course.



The Winter Course — In Part



The Short Courses

The resources of the Men's Residence and of the Dining Hall were strained to the utmost in order to provide accommodation for the large numbers of students who registered for each of the four agricultural short courses held at Macdonald during the month of February 1924.

The first of the series was organised by the Department of Agricultural Engineering. In the syllabus were included lectures and practical work on farm machinery, gasoline engines and blacksmithing. An attempt was made to provide the students with some attraction during every moment of their stay, and the evenings were employed in attending popular discussions and moving-picture entertainments.

In an interview Mr. Heimpel declared himself particularly impressed with the blacksmithing work done by the class. The success of the course, he

added, had been materially assisted by the generosity of a number of firms which had lent machinery to the Department, and in this connection he would like to mention the Massey Harris and International Harvester Companies, as well as the Canadian Fairbanks-Morse and Caron Farm Power Companies. For the first engineering short course ever held at Macdonald, the attendance, (46 students) had been gratifying and the enthusiasm displayed more than justified a repetition of the experiment.

The Horticultural short course was notable for a very large attendance from the vicinity of the College. As usual attention was given to insect and fungous disease as well as to the ordinary problems of fruit, flower and vegetable growing. In a great many cases lectures were given simultaneously in olericulture and floriculture in order

to provide students with a choice of subject. The majority of the seventy students who registered attended up to the last lecture, and general satisfaction was expressed by all concerned.

The Beekeepers short course, the second held at Macdonald, was remarkable for the distance from which students came in order to avail themselves of the lectures. Instruction was provided in both elementary and advanced branches of the subject, and besides the lectures given by its own staff, the Department of Horticulture was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Gooderham and Mr. Birch of the Federal Department as well as those of Mr. R. H. Willis, a well-known queen-breeder of Beauharnois, Que. The Quebec Beekeepers' association at a recent meeting expressed its appreciation of the course offered at Macdonald.

The last short course to be held this season was given under the auspices

of the Poultry Department. Particular attention was paid to sanitation, the production of bred-to-lay stock, and the marketing of products according to government regulations. An attempt was also made to check the tendency to emphasize laying quality without consideration of breed characteristics. The reputation of the Poultry Department is best gauged by the fact that students came from points as far distant as Nova Scotia, and Port Hope, Ontario.

In comparison to other years the courses held at Macdonald this winter were remarkable both for the numbers who attended and for the enthusiasm which prevailed. This is as it should be, for Macdonald was primarily instituted for the benefit of the agricultural community of the Province, and there is no better means of improving farm practice than through the medium of free lectures given in the slack season of the agricultural year.—Richard Cooper.

Biennial White Sweet Clover

MELILOTUS ALBA

By E. G. BAYFIELD

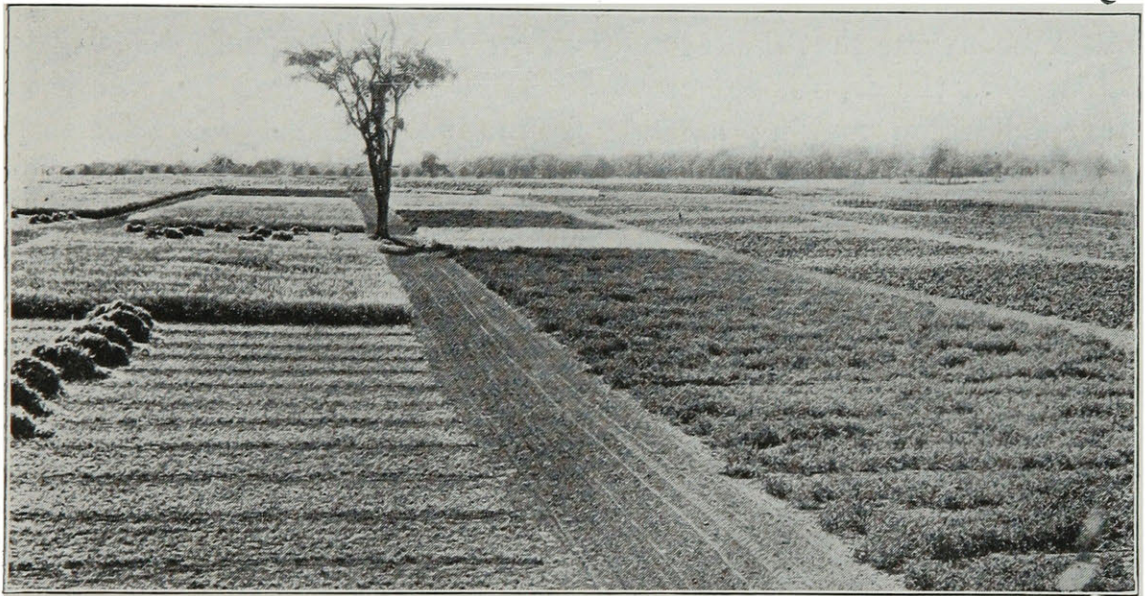
Among the many things occupying the attention of the agricultural world of today is sweet clover. Speaking in terms of our popular farm crops this one is new. Although it has been long recognized as a crop it is only in recent years that its value in certain sections of the continent has been appreciated. Its former lack of attention was due principally to (a) the tendency of the stems to become very coarse and woody upon coming into

blossom, (b) its aggressiveness in many waste places and (c) the bitter taste due to its coumarin content. This coumarin makes it unpalatable to stock unaccustomed to sweet clover.

The coarseness of stem may be overcome, in so far as hay is concerned, by cutting at the right time. The right time to cut sweet clover is just previous to flowering as after flowering the stems become woody as is mentioned above. One of the most important, if

not the most important use of this crop is its ability to gather nitrogen from the air with the assistance of symbiotic bacteria living in the roots. Its aggressiveness is thus a good feature as it can gather nitrogen under adverse conditions such as occur when the soil is alkaline in nature, very sandy or lacking in moisture. By means of sweet clover the writer has seen heavy clay soils converted into a friable tilth after plowing up the clover stubbles. This change was due to the extensive root system adding a

of wheat (50 bushels grain and 2 1-2 tons straw). One ton of average barnyard manure contains about 10 lbs. of nitrogen. Thus the 6.4 tons of dry matter in the sweet clover would contain 250 lbs. of the most expensive ingredient in our fertilizer mixtures. In terms of wheat the crop would contain sufficient nitrogen to produce over 130 bushels of grain and the necessary straw (provided that there were no losses from leaching, etc.) These figures are sufficient to show the value of sweet clover as a soil improver.



Experimental Plots — Macdonald College

large amount of organic matter to the soil.

An Illinois experiment showed that 6.4 tons of dry matter was produced on one acre. This amount plowed under would be equivalent to twenty-five tons of average manure from the stable. In other words by plowing down such a crop we would be plowing down sufficient nitrogen and humus forming material to equal the manure produced by five 1,000 lb. steers in a period of four months. It is estimated that about 96 pounds of nitrogen are required to produce a fifty bushel crop

The education of farm livestock to acquire a liking for sweet clover is accomplished by turning them into the crop when it is young and succulent. This is usually at a time of year when pasture is scarce, the sweet clover starting growth early in its second year. Once the animal has become accustomed to the taste it will eat the sweet clover readily although for forage purposes, all factors considered, this crop is inferior to alfalfa or red clover. The year of seeding the crop may give between one and two tons per acre when sown alone. When cut-

ting this crop it is essential that the cutting be high enough so that the crown buds be left uninjured for it is from these buds that the succeeding crop arises. Usually only one cutting is possible the first year. In the second year it is of great importance in cutting that the stubbles be left long enough so that the axils of the lower branches escape the mower. The stubbles should be 6-8 inches long when cut before blossoming. The older the crop is when cut, the longer will the stubble have to be left if a second mowing is desired. It is essential that the axils of the lower branches be left because it is from these that the second growth arises. If the crop is cut close it is prevented from making second growth. To get the tall stubble it is necessary to place extra soles under the shoe of the mower cutter bar. These soles are easily made from scrap iron at the local blacksmith shop or by the farmer who is handy at blacksmithing. Usually two cuttings of hay may be taken the second year, yielding about three to four tons of cured hay. The quality of sweet clover hay however at best is second rate, being somewhat stalky and coarse even when the stand is thick.

Experiments have been carried out for testing the quality of the crop for silage purposes. Like most other legumes its protein content is too high for the easy manufacture of good quality silage. On the college farm at Guelph, however, silage has been made at a smaller cost than corn silage, which in feeding value tests with dairy cows proved slightly superior to the corn which was of first class quality. This test is recorded in Ontario Bulletin 296. The sweet clover in this case was cut in the late bud stage, ensiled while green, and thoroughly packed.

Other stations have not received such favorable results in some instances. At Guelph it has been found that the milk bears no foreign flavors due to sweet clover when pastured or fed on the hay. In so far as pasture is concerned it is noteworthy that bloating is unusual when cattle are on this crop, differing from other common legumes in this respect. The cumarin content is thought to prevent the bloating.

One other important use for the crop is for bee pasturage. Good quality honey is secured and the flowering season is long. In fact it was for this purpose that sweet clover was first grown by some farmers in Canada.

After considering a few of the above points it would seem desirable to point out that sweet clover has no place as a hay or pasture crop where alfalfa and the true clovers do well. In these districts sweet clover when introduced very often becomes a weed. If alfalfa seed is being produced the mixing of sweet clover is a most serious contamination. The young plants are very similar and even an expert seed analyst has difficulty in differentiating between the two kinds of seed. That it is very difficult to control this aggressive plant the writer can vouch for from personal experience. Where alfalfa and the true clovers do not succeed for various reasons, sweet clover will prove a valuable asset as it seems that a legume is needed in all good farming rotations. In Western Canada, especially in the drier regions, sweet clover today is giving great promise and many farmers are growing the crop. In many parts of the East, however, the farmer who introduces the crop is a misguided enthusiast.

Summarizing up the advantages of sweet clover for certain suitable districts we find:

(1) It is outstanding for the improvement of poor soils.

(2) That for areas suffering from drought sweet clover will often produce a crop when other legumes fail.

(3) That one acre will pasture one cow throughout the season under fair conditions. Pigs and sheep thrive on it. (N. Dak. Cir. No. 20).

(4) The crop is valuable for bee pasturage.

(5) The crop is valuable in that it will thrive where small grains and alfalfa fail due to alkali in the soil. (Cir. No. 34. Arizona Exp. Sta.)

(6) Sweet clover may produce, under suitable conditions, better quality of silage than other legumes.

“About Roses”

C. E. BELANGER Agr. '25

“There is no sweeter place for dreaming
than where
June's sunshine soft reposes upon a
canopy of roses.”

One hardy can understand why the rose is not more widely distributed in our gardens nor why its marvellous features are not more praised. Even in those remote ages, when it might have been only a prickly single bloom, it was considered without a peer. In his twenty-first book *De Universi Historia*, Pliny tells of the beauty of the Rose of Preneste, of Miletus, of Alabanda, and also of the Damask rose. But, through the centuries, not because of its fairness of bloom was the rose saved, but rather because of its curative properties. It was a belief of Pliny's era and until Linnaeus', that a plant with no medical virtue was scarcely worth growing; and thus tincture of roses, syrup of roses, electuary of rose, rose torches and rose-lohochs were in great favor. But what matter if that has been sufficient to save the lovely species of roses!

Nowadays, our patrimony is a rich one. The average number of roses actually in commerce is approximately one thousand, divided into many groups: Tea, Hybrid Tea, Hybrid Perpetual, *Pernetiana*, *Multiflora*, Dwarf Polyantha, more or less hardy; *Rugosa* and its Hybrids, Austrian Briar, Moss Rose, Damask Rose and Provence Rose, very hardy; not to mention numerous wild ones.

With the exception of Tea, Hybrid Tea, Hybrid Perpetual and *Pernetiana*, most of the roses have a variable decorative value. When one speaks of the rose, everyone thinks of cut flowers, usually forgetting that the rose family is a large and varied one. Wild, dense bushes like *Sweetbriar*, *R. carolina*, *R. lucida*; tall straggling bushes like *R. canina*; dwarf shrubs like *R. nitida* may be extensively used in landscape

art. Of course, many localities borrow their charming appearance from groups of established wild roses, and according to Mr. T. H. MacFarland, the new *Rosa Hugonis*—"a gem of first water"—"ought to take the place in America of one million *Spiraea Van Houttei* and ten millions of *Hydrangea*." While indeed, the double rose has no equal among flowers, perhaps no single flower has quite the fresh charm of the wild rose, not even the cherry blossom which the Japanese so much appreciate. It does not follow that the rose should substitute all other shrubs, but it deserves quite a prominent place in landscape art, for showy effects in mass plantings, for retaining embankments, for bordering driveways or even for certain types of hedges. It is eminently suited to enhance the lawn.

On the other hand, dwarf bushes like Tea, Hybrid Tea, Hybrid Perpetual and *Pernetiana* are not adapted to the lawn. They are ugly bushes indeed, lacking any regular form or balance and being quite naked; their whole merit lies in producing the double and dainty shaded rose, the true cut-flower. Let any variety, by means of its blooming abundance, conceal its bad constitution and it accordingly becomes of real decorative value; but it no longer produces perfect flowers. *Gruss an Teplitz* is a good example. Among decorative varieties, it is supreme and it is absolutely the best rose for hedge purposes. How piteous it looks in a bouquet, with its short stem, weak neck and its lack of substance! All those dwarf bushes, however, will do well in regular beds, when planted rather close together; they will give then a real wealth of foliage and blooms. They are prominent in all amateurs' collections and those extensive collections which decorate the

Civic Parks of many American and Canadian cities.

For small collections, outside of special uses, it is best to plant roses that are of some value for cutting. The best bloomers among the all-round roses will give very much better results than the so-called decorative roses. *Gloire de Dijon*, *Charles Lefebvre* and *Maréchal Niel* were formerly favourite roses. In his catalogue for 1884, Mr. Paul describes his best rose "a very fine globular form, large and full," and the coloured illustration shows a round rose as flat as a pancake. Since that time a great advance in regard to shape, color and substance has been made and every one admires *Ophelia*, *Sunburst*, *Los Angeles*. The spiral form is in favor now and the best blooms have a long, high-pointed center holding well when open. *Pharissar* is typical and has both fine buds and attractive open flowers. In fact, it is among the Hybrid Tea class that we find the finest varieties. When Guillot fils, in 1867, crossed *Mme. Victor Verdier*, H. P. with *Madame Mavy*, Tea and obtained *La France* rose, he created the most valuable variety of roses we have at the present time. Of late years, with Mr. Pernet-Ducher, appeared *Soleil d'Or* as first of the *Pernetiana* race which is very promising; the latest success being *Souvenir de Claudius Pernet*. Both Hybrid Tea and *Pernetiana* are now in a keen competition and the amateur thinks and thinks a long while whether he will order *Sunburst* or *Souvenir de Claudius Pernet*.

Fine roses are not only to be seen at the exhibitions. Many amateurs obtain results equal to those of the best rose-growers, which fact led Rev. M. Roberts to say: "It is not so much the soil and climate as the care and skill of the

cultivator that wins success." On the other hand, the continual failures of some people are not explainable. Even if they love roses, that in itself will not insure success. There are certain principles we must consider, foremost of which is the choice of varieties. Mr. G. C. Thomas sums up this point fairly well. "The requirements for Northern sections are easily understood; extreme hardiness, freedom from balling, immunity from mildew and the selection of roses of light petalage with good substance and of those which lose foliage early."

Catalogues are fascinating and it is quite easy to order the best new roses, but we must still know whether we can save them through our long winter and the torrid months of July and August. Good planting, proper drainage and thorough protection in winter will not save the finest bed of *Hugo Roller*, *Beauté Inconstante* or any other Tea or tender Hybrid Tea. It is necessary to secure hardy varieties. Planting only Hybrid Perpetual should be a safe rule, but when rejecting the Hybrid Tea we thus are compelled to miss half "the beauty which is everywhere beneath the skies of June." We want our roses to create a rich festivity of blooms, and even the best Hybrid Perpetual are not supreme for that purpose. Under such conditions, we prefer to take the risk and resolve to treat our Hybrid Tea plants with the greatest care.

As a general rule, a rose which does not kill back in Pennsylvania below 8 to 10 inches does well here. The question of stock is closely related to that of hardiness. Some of the best growers agree that "own-root" plants are not suitable for cold regions and even that budded plants are preferable to grafted stocks.

However, the ideal stock for all roses has not yet been discovered, although it does seem that a tried stock is better than a different stock with each plant.

Though there are so many really excellent and desirable varieties, it will not seem futile to suggest a good selection. For that purpose, we may look at both the "Favorite Dozen" published by the American Rose Society and the list of roses recommended by the Dominion Horticulturist. Here is the "Favorite Dozen:"

- * *Frau Karl Druschki*
Radiance,
- * *Mrs Aaron Ward*
- * *Los Angeles*
- * *Killarney*
Sunburst
- * *Ophelia*
- * *Duchess of Wellington*
- * *Gruss an Teplitz*
Kaiserin Augusta Victoria
- * *Mme. Edouard Herriot*
Lady Alice Stanley

Roses marked with an asterisk are those recommended in Bulletin 17, "Hardy Roses," Ottawa. We could easily mould the dozen anew with *J. L. Mock*, *Mme. Jules Bouche*, *Lieutenant Chaure*, *Mme. Mélanie Soupert* or *Lady Pirrie*. Mr. Thomas' conditions should then be fully answered. Remember that *Gruss an Teplitz* is not a cut flower variety and that *Druschki*, the best known white, lacks in perfume. Maybe *J. L. Mock* will have a tendency to ball and its color to blue slightly, depending on whether the season be wet or dry. A good rose and not very particular is *La France* but it balls very badly here in a cool season; it has its extreme in *Lady Pirrie*, which seems to

enjoy such conditions. *Duchess of Wellington* and *Mme. Mélanie Soupert*, having a light petalage but fine substance of the petals, will be fine as lasting cut-flowers.

There are still other qualities of minor importance like rigidity and proper

length of stem, perfume, substance of petals and foliage texture, which, needless to say, are impossible to obtain altogether in a single bloom. But by selecting the best productions of Pernet-Ducher, Guillot, Wm. Paul, Dickson, and Lambert, one cannot go far astray.



Where the Stately Elms Grow

Telephone Seed

By R. P. GRAHAM, '11, Agr.

Telephones are not commonly listed among agricultural seeds, but the students of agricultural colleges have studied them to some extent on account of their possibilities in the social as well as the business development of the rural community. Planted in a region where improved methods of communication are needed telephone seed may do more for human happiness, contentment and health than selected wheat, improved oats or the best of certified potatoes.

This article has to do with the twelve year growth of two "Macdonald selected seed telephones" in a Maritime community where they were planted, found a favorable seed bed and have multiplied more than fifty fold.

In the early months of 1911, Dr. Lynde demonstrated in the laboratories of the Physics Building the erection and proper connections of a rural telephone line using the latest models of instruments then on the market. It was an excellent demonstration and very interesting to the students, to some of whom before entering Macdonald in its early years the telephone had been little more than a name. After convocation, 1911, one of the Maritime men purchased with borrowed money two phones and the wire and insulators for a half mile of line and had them shipped to his New Brunswick home. There they were installed, one in the century old house of his parents and one in the equally old house of a neighbour a half mile distant. He could not stay to use them himself but an account was kept of the cost of materials, poles, labour, etc.

and a typed copy left at each house for all to see. This was the act of planting.

Between the two houses the telephone line proved very useful, and many a neighbour dropped in to see how it worked. Two years were required for germination. In April 1913 the seed began to sprout when several of the younger men of the region organized a small corporation with a capital of \$5,000, having for its object the erection of a farmer's telephone line on the Kingston Peninsula, a tract of land some twenty-five miles long and seven broad between the St. John River and one of its largest branches, the Kennebecassis. This area had a population of more than two thousand people who were isolated from other communities by bodies of water and were without a resident doctor although they boasted of a full dozen churches and an equal number of burial grounds. When a doctor was needed he could be reached by a drive of from eighteen to thirty miles, shorter when ice conditions were favorable on the rivers but longer when the ice was unsafe in early and late winter.

By September, 1913, enough money had been raised to begin construction and a contract was entered into for the erection of a line from one end of the peninsula to the other for the sum of \$3,200, the line to be completed within three years. The contractors were a committee of the corporation and the contract was to enable them to purchase supplies for construction. Many of the poles and a large part of the labour was paid for in stock which was placed at \$5.00 shares. In this

way many of the people of the region became shareholders and therefore interested in the welfare of the line. When winter stopped construction that year fourteen miles of line were completed with fourteen subscribers using telephones. A temporary arrangement had been made for the transfer of messages to the wires of the New Brunswick Telephone Company at Kingston and that winter the long drives for a doctor were shortened by the length of the line.

In the spring of 1914 more people were interested in the project. During the following years—in spite of several financial and constructional difficulties which were due to the war—the company continued its growth until in 1917 a dividend of 6 per cent was declared and a further sum put aside for emergencies. In that year there were 67 subscribers and the long distance tolls began to turn in a satisfactory revenue. Since that date the progress of the line has been steady. New lines have been built each year and additional wires strung on old lines, the selective ringing system has been installed, the switchboard enlarged, a second operator engaged so that a continuous day and night service is maintained. Something more than two hundred miles of wire are in use at present; there are 103 subscribers; the stock of the company is held by

106 shareholders, nearly every one a subscriber, so that the dividend helps pay the rental of the phone; the long distance calls average 5,000 a year and yield a good revenue. Since 1918, the annual dividend paid has been 7 per cent and a considerable sum has been accumulated in the cash reserve for emergencies.

While the financial statements show exceptionally good management on the part of farmers, who had to study banking, bookkeeping, management, line construction, etc, to make their company a success, they show nothing of the development of the community brought about by improved means of communication. By bringing the people in daily speaking contact with one another every feature which makes up the life of a region has been influenced to some degree. It is seen in improved business facilities for farmer and merchant, in roads, schools, churches, in the social life of young and old, in the means of getting aid in the constantly occurring emergencies of rural life, sickness, accident, fire. In just one river accident there is definite evidence that the wires saved at least three lives and that was only one of many occasions when hurried calls were sent at the speed of electricity throughout the community.



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Editorial

With this issue the new Board from the men's side of the campus makes its bow to the readers of the College Magazine. Proud as we are to follow in the footsteps of so many very able Magazine Boards, we wish to make our entry into the field of Journalism as unostentatious as possible, and so we will give expression to no greater hopes and aspirations than that we will endeavor to keep the Magazine worthy of the name it bears. Already with this issue we have been encouraged in our expectations by the response on the part of the students to our first appeal for copy. This is as it should be, however, for it is only with the help and enthusiasm of the whole student body that the

Magazine can be made a success. Let us, therefore, all get behind it and push.

* * *

Our first thoughts on taking up our present duties were not of the task which lay before us and the responsibilities therewith attached—we had come to realize those aspects of our lot while under the tutorship of the old board—, but rather of the flight of time and the suddenness with which we awoke one fine morning to find the job of getting out the College Magazine shifted overnight, as it were, from others' shoulders to our own. It seems but a short time since we, as care-free freshmen, first strode MacDonald corridors. For us, positions of

import in the student life of the College seemed but remote possibilities. We were inclined to assume the attitude of those who are not awake to the opportunities ahead—that of letting George do it. But now as we put our shoulders to the wheel, we realize the swiftness of a college career and the value of an early, active interest in matters outside the class room.

It is, therefore as a note of warning to the Junior Years in Agriculture that we ask; "What are you doing now so that when the time comes for you to lead our student organizations, you will be able to carry out the duties of your office not only as well, but better than they have ever been carried out before?" All too soon will that day arrive. All too soon will you be called upon to uphold the honor of Macdonald on the platform and on the field, as well as in its social life.

It is obvious that all is not as it should be in regard to our extra-curriculum activities. It is our opinion that this state of affairs is not due to a lack of general interest and willingness on the part of the student body as a whole, but to a want of leaders in the various activities. A body of students is no different from any other group of Society. There will always be students willing to be lead, but the individuals who will take the trouble to study the problems of the student body, and thereby fit themselves to do the leading, are exceedingly few.

Such is the case here at Macdonald. As a result, when a new executive body comes into office it accomplishes very little more and often times less than has been accomplished before, for the simple reason that it spends the first half of its term of office figuring and what *should* be done and the sec-

ond half, thinking of what *might have been done*.

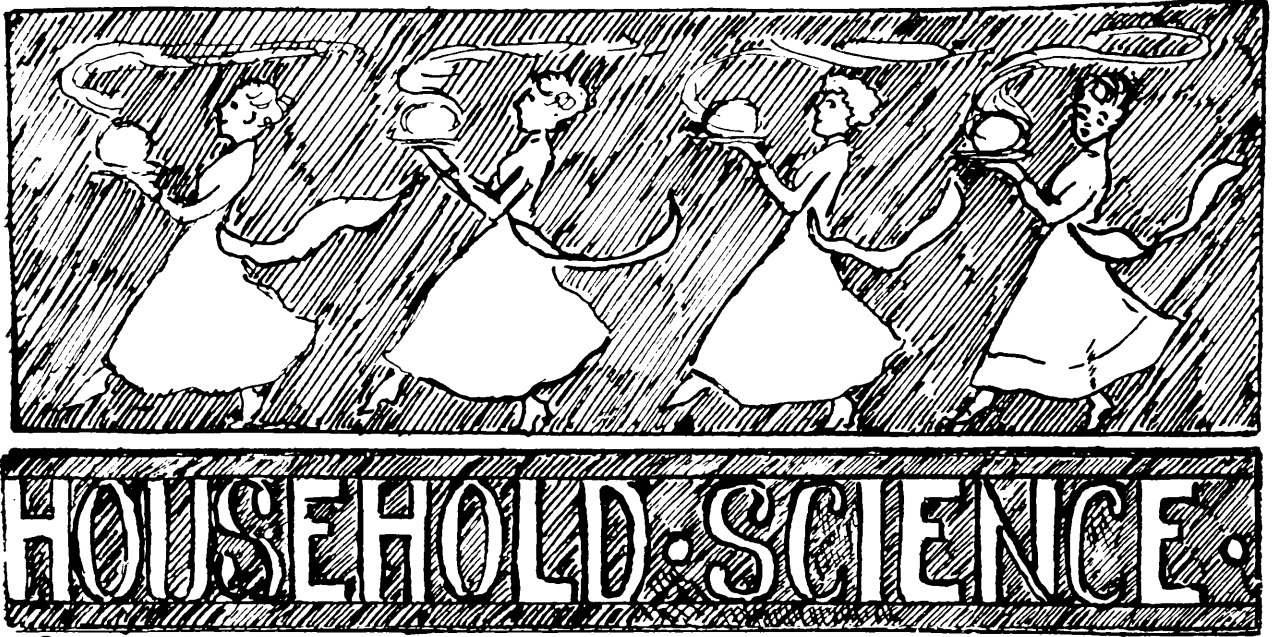
And so, all those who have yet some time to remain at Macdonald, we urge to get into things at once; take an active part in the student affairs; study the problems affronting the student body to-day, so that when the time comes for you to lend a guiding hand, you will not be found wanting.

* * *

We extend our thanks to the retiring Board for our training while under their guidance and also for the help since we assumed office. We also wish to express our appreciation of the time and energy which they have given to the Magazine. Few people ever realize just what is involved in the production of a magazine. The only time they ever give a thought to those responsible for it, is when it comes off the press. We have an idea that their conception of a printing press is a sort of glorified meat-chopper into which badly written copy is poured at one end, and pours forth from the other as a stream of nicely printed pages.

They know nothing of the numerous features of the undertaking, the preparing of copy, proof reading, "dummy" making, the lectures missed and the sleepless nights of the editorial staff, worried in their decision of what to "put in" and what to leave out; whether to insert a page of comic—and satisfy the students, or to publish an essay on "The Theory of Relativity"—and please the profs.

The retiring Board, however, can rest assured that they have had, during their term of office, the sympathy of all thoughtful folk. They have, too, the satisfaction of knowing that the job was not without its own rewards.



Home Economics Club

DEBATES ARE POPULAR

"Come to our debates! They are worth your while" is the slogan of the Home Economics Club this year.

The first debate "Resolved that Public Schools are to be preferred to Private Schools," given Feb. 27, started a series of very interesting discussions. Miss Gardner and Miss Brethour, speakers of the affirmative, advanced some very strong arguments, and Miss Argue and Miss Russell speaking for the negative upheld their side well. The debaters spoke with strong feeling and at times the arguments were quite heated.

The judges, Miss Pettes, Miss Farrell and Miss Moffatt had difficulty in coming to a decision, but in view of the fact that the affirmative refuted aptly, the decision was given in their favor. Miss Farrell, in delivering the judgment, complimented the speakers on their sound arguments and their interesting delivery.

The second debate of the series tangibly strengthened the idea that

debates are not sources of dread but rather of delight both to debaters and to the audience.

The subject "Resolved that dress is a worse evil than the tobacco habit" gave ample scope for the trite and whimsical remarks of Miss Eleanor Beard and Miss Louise Foss, supporters of the affirmative, and of Miss Clare Brigham and Miss Evelyn Ross of the negative. Miss Beard emphatically piled up many points for the affirmative which Miss Brigham heroically attempted to refute. Miss Foss decisively continued the good work for the affirmative, and Miss Ross as bravely upheld the negative.

That the humorous situations afforded by the subject did not escape the speakers was amply demonstrated by the frequent peals of laughter which interrupted their oratory.

Miss Sangster, in giving the judges' decision in favor of the affirmative, complimented all the speakers on their delivery, pleasing manner, entertain-

ing humour and excellent refutation. Hearty applause conveyed to each speaker the evident interest and appreciation of the audience and the club members anxiously look forward to many similarly entertaining and instructive debates.

The meeting of the Home Economics Club on March 12th was of a specially interesting character when Miss Pedlow, who is at present on the staff of the Mount Royal Hotel, addressed the meeting. Her talk on her past experiences and present work in Montreal, for which she showed great enthusiasm, proved of great interest to all.

Miss Pedlow is a graduate of California and Columbia universities, and has had much practice in teaching and in dormitory work. She spoke of the difficulty for college trained women to obtain positions in this line, but she also stressed the great need for trained women in these large institutions. Miss Pedlow mentioned some of the many fields for work in Home Economics, such as housekeeping in hotel apartments, managing and directing of tea rooms and restaurants, and supervising girls' clubs and dormitories.

There are many factors besides one's college training which must be put into practice. One must exercise self-control to be able to control and supervise the work of others. One must always be able to co-operate, and be ready to meet any emergency as it arises; and above all one must have a real love for one's work.

In conclusion Miss Pedlow spoke of the fact that success depends not only on the greater things but also on minute details, from the making of beds "in the hotel way" to the filling of match boxes for the guests. She also

spoke of the difficulties she had met with, but, in a note of optimism, claimed that with energy, vitality and a real love of one's work, one could surmount any obstacle.

A SENIOR SCIENCE TRIP TO TOWN

On March 6th, the 4th year B. H. S. and the Senior Administrators, accompanied by Miss Babb, went into Montreal to visit the Dietetic departments at Childs', The Y. W. C. A. and the Montreal General Hospital.

We spent most of the morning at Childs'. The manager, Mr. Bowen, and the dietitian, Mrs. Ree, a last year's graduate of the Senior Administrator class, conducted us through the various departments, explaining everything as they went, while we all took reams of notes on proper grouping, ventilation, methods of routing and other such intricate phases of our work. Every time we hear the word "efficiency" in the future, we will have a mental picture of Childs'.

Miss Sparling received us at the Y. W. C. A. and took us through her departments. Here we had a chance to sample the good things we saw being made behind the scenes. The Y. W. C. A. is a cafeteria and is much smaller than Childs'—"such a nice place to begin on," everybody commented.

The Montreal General was the last place we visited. Under the capable and energetic guidance of Miss Perry we were given a thorough insight into the duties of the dietitian of the General Hospital, and as a happy ending to the afternoon we had tea at the Nurses' Home.



Voices

Time: about six thirty some Wednesday morning; you are pleasantly wandering in dreamland—

“Bang! Bang! Bang! Aren’t you going to get up?” Someone is trying to waken my next door neighbour.

“Oh! bother! why do these teachers get up so early?”

“Hurry up now,” someone shouts down the corridor “we haven’t much time, and I’ve got to finish copying my lesson plan.” Sighing you turn over and try to woo back sleep, but alas!—and to think this will go on every Wednesday for more than two months.

* * *

The Post Office at 10:15: a wild melée; a few voices above the rest. Expectantly, “Is there anything for me?—to your “boxing” mate.

Someone with strong lungs, but not limbs,—“Say there, look in no—”

“I can’t see a thing.”

Jubilantly a small voice sings, “Hur- ray, girls! I’ve got a box.”

“Will you let me out, please?”—this somewhat weakly and rather oppressed.

In the main corridors a babble of

voices greets you as the “Models” go to and from lectures—

“Do we need our magazines?”

“Somebody give me a French book, quick.”

An anxious chorus,—“Did you have an English quizz?”

* * *

Enter any lecture room, a wild med- ley of sharps and flats greets the ears. “Did you get any mail?”

Someone shouts from one end of the room to the other, “Anything special doing out our way this week-end?”

Somewhere a voice is calling but alas, all is drowned in the mighty roar. Enter the prof—and lo there was a great calm! “Miss—, what is the main idea in paragraph—.”

Miss—rising!

“A little louder, please.”

Still silent.

“Louder, please,”

Student, “Um-ah.”

“Miss So and So down the front here says she can’t hear you.”

What about the poor class that’s unfortunate enough to be next to 207 when their “contemporaries” are exercising their vocal organs?

"Doh, me, soh,—” Pause, (someone was flat) Try again; more strange sounds; probably human voices trying to sing —

Room 175. Two are patiently waiting for the tardy ones—they suddenly enter madly yelling, and furiously waving some papers over head.

"The city assignments are out!"

Voices to the right of us, Voices to the left of us (what is left of us after this?) volleyed and thundered. Boldly these rose and fell. They sure know how to yell. Reminds one of the time when the results of the Christmas exams were posted—Taking courage, you add your sweet voice to the din and shout, "What are you teaching?"

"Say didn't you teach "Wild Animals" last week?" shouts some bright individual.

In disgust,—“I taught *children*.”

Enter the dining room just as the bell rings.

"For this food—" weakly begins the organ. "May we live," loud chorus of voices joins in, partially drowned by a frantic pulling out of chairs.

Sitting in your room strange sounds enter via the transom; some poor creature walking down the corridor is bringing her voice out for an airing. "Papa Love Mama," she trills.

Why do some people think they

can sing? "Foolish child, why go wild?" your sweet voice interrupts her.

Study period must be livened up by a discussion with your room-mate (or somebody else's); we'll say it's about a "vital problem." Well it is, she's got altogether too fresh with your latest. Unconsciously your voices rise. —Enter the proctor.

"Girls, you're making altogether too much noise. Shut your transom."

"Aw, shut your own," a pleasant voice returns.

You've just returned from lectures; suddenly a crowd rushes up to your room, wildly yelling at the top of their voices.

"There's a phone call for you, old dear."

About two seconds later in the telephone booth, "Hello" you screech to drown the piano, and a chorus of "Who is it?"

"Hello-o-o-o," a familiar voice rings across the campus.

Your heart beats treble its speed.

"Er-r-r," it continues, "Will you come to Wright's?"

Joyfully but not too anxiously, your sweet voice replies—"Yes-s-, I'd love to."

* * *

At Wright's—inaudible voices whisper—somewhere in the parlor.....

E. P. W.



The Elements

The Elements came in, one by one,
(Still more red tape to untwine.)
Feeling like anything but jokes and
fun

As they wearily waited in line.

Will we ever forget the day when
Macdonald's great portals yawned
wide enough to swallow fifty-five of
us at once? Probably we will always
remember the hours of registering and
unpacking upon that first day. But
with particularly dazzling, shining
brightness will the first night forever
be remembered by some. Ask ten or
twelve of the Elements how they slept
that night. Will they not tell you?
Ah, well! let us not remind them of
the verdure of the unsophisticated.

For a few days our fifty-five fol-
lowed all the rules, were prompt to
meals, went for the mail between lec-
tures and courteously curtsied to
every man who even slightly resembl-
ed a professor.

"There never was such a bunch of
Elements," sighed a second year girl
as she surveyed the fourth and nois-
est lot in her memory. The Elements
treasured the remark and vowed to

live up to all the things that were ex-
pressed in that girl's voice.

Our Saturday evening party was a
sample of how lively we can be. It is
fortunate that the different buildings
are separated so that not all were for-
ced to see us and hear our programme.

The costumes ranged all the way
from those of the generation of flap-
pers that followed Eve up to those of
the present day. The dances dated
from about the same period. As for
the orchestra, well, I simply cannot
find a word to describe it. Imagine
drifting dreamily to the strains of a
waltz, then suddenly stopping because
the orchestra had to replace the worn
out issue-paper on their combs and
draw a breath.

Refreshments were not served but
that does not prove that the crowd
were not hungry. One famished in-
dividual tried in vain to lift an ink-
spot from the floor believing it to be a
raisin.

Our career at Macdonald is well be-
gun. Let us hope we will every one
of us leave here in the same jubilant
spirit which now rules our class.

A. E. Woodwark, El. '24

A SUGGESTION

"For-r-r this food our thanks we
give,

"For-r-r Thy ser-r-r-vus may we live."

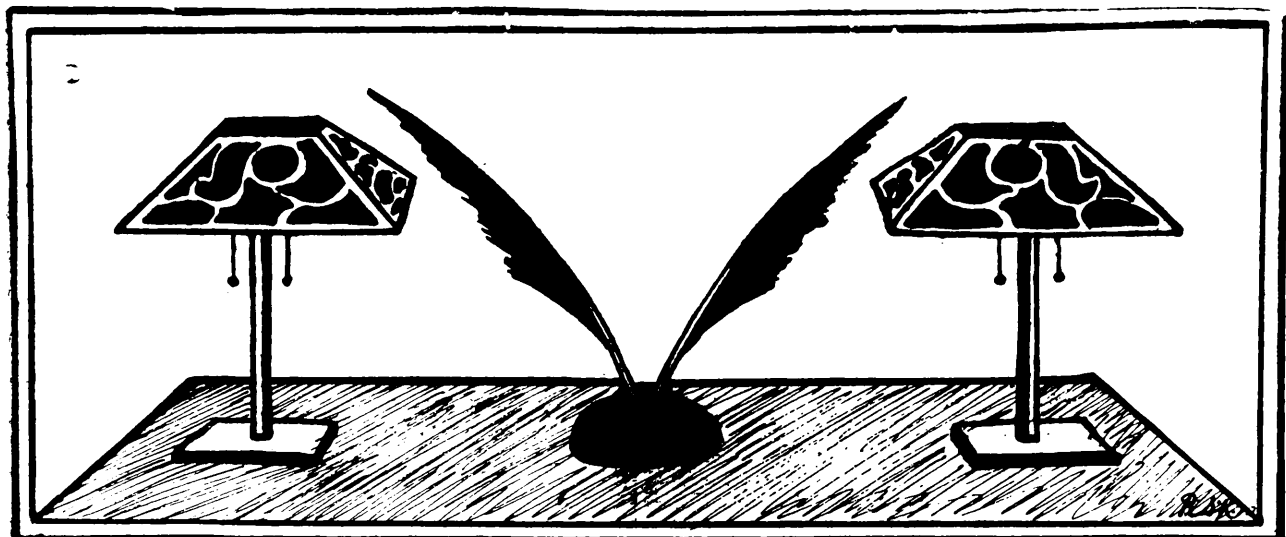
Is not this about worn out? How
about the following for a change:—

"The Lord who blessed the loaves and
fishes

"Look down upon these empty dishes;

"For if they would our stomachs fill,

" 'Twould surely be a miracle."



Under the Desk Lamp

DIAMONDS

Do you ever think of the number of precious stones that are ours for the taking? As I was coming home one of those clear, cold nights before the warm rays of spring had come to remove the earth's snowy covering it occurred to me how rich we all are. One glance overhead and I was in a position to enjoy the diamond sparkle of thousands of stars. They are mine as much as anyone's and what is there to the possession of an article but its enjoyment? The next morning I hurried to the window to close it but was arrested by the sparkle of a million more diamonds. The sun was rising across the frozen lake and its long beams falling on the snow discovered a mine which belongs to the world. In the summer those same beams show us countless numbers of jewels as they flash along the ripples.

But diamonds are not the only precious stones within the reach of every person. When the breaking log wakes us as we lie by the camp-fire we find

a blood-red ruby where the wind fans the last coals. As we sit on a hill and watch a sunset beneath a lowering storm cloud the deep purple of the emerald dyes the cloud's lower edges and, meanwhile, the rich red of the blood-stone shows through the rifts. When we venture out after being driven to cover by the swift, summer thunder-shower we find the queens of the forest decked in jewels. As the sun strikes each drop they glow with all the colors of any opal. In the summer, as I work in the warm, brown earth, I can at any time look up into a dome of blue deeper than the sapphire or lapis-lazuli. In the spring, as I wonder along the edge of the woods in the low, damp places, I find my amethysts as violets and my garnets are in the red trillium.

At home there are two brilliants in my little sister's eyes which are worth more than thousands of Kohinoors. Oh, we are all rich if we will but gather up our jewels!

C. D. F.

OUR STOLEN HERITAGE

I gazed in wonder and great awe,
 Did—could all this that I now saw,
 Could all these convolutions here,
 These carvings, quaint tho' wrought
 in fear,
 Could students then have done this
 thing,
 And done it all for not a thing
 Save the lark?

I knew not. But those desks were
 etched
 With drawings that were finely
 sketched,
 And ah! they gave some comfort rare,
 Those epitaphs and faces fair,
 And names that might have graced the
 scroll
 Of highest chivalry, O toll
 Of caution money!

But now alas! does naught remain,
 And all are gone—each scar and stain,
 No more we pine away our time
 In sawing out our dog'el rhyme,
 Nor more we spend a drifting hour,
 No more we pass our inky dower—
 To the next class.

M. E. Duffie.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

They say there is a music,
 A music of the spheres,
 Which brings one, sometimes, laughter
 Which brings one, sometimes, tears,
 And life is like that music,
 That music of the spheres,
 Bringing one, sometimes, laughter,
 Bringing one, sometimes, tears.

We are the Master's violins,
 His 'cellos, or His flutes,

And He brings the sweetest music
 From his harpsichords or lutes,
 Yea, we are the Master's instruments,
 And music He transmutes
 From our dissonance or discord,
 As the instrument He mutes.

And the muted 'cello, wailing
 Is an echo of the years,
 And the sounding drum is railing
 At the warfare of our fears,
 But the organ pipes, resounding,
 Soothing sorrow that one hears,
 With the pipes of Pan are blending
 In the music of the spheres.

So I say not mine's the music
 That my rippling laughter bears,
 So I say not mine's the sorrow
 That is melted in my tears.
 Nay, the world is in the laughter,
 As the world is of the spheres,
 And the world is in the sorrow
 Of the music of the spheres.

D. M. B.

FROM A JAPANESE LEGEND

In old Nippon 'mong cherry trees,
 Where dwell the dreaming Japanese,
 'Tis known that love will never die
 'Till it the soul doth satisfy.

For if by chance in this life's span
 Fate intervene 'twixt maid and man
 They will the higher fate esteem
 For the prolongment of their dream.

And in this life they are content
 To dream, to think, while strength is
 spent,
 And wait, beyond the crimson skies
 Ten thousand years—for paradise.

W. B. H.



Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association

GOOD NEWS AND LOTS OF IT.

The unexpected, the miraculous has happened. We present to our readers a voluminous and interesting budget of news concerning practically every graduate west of Ontario.

This is entirely due to the initiative of one, G. D. Matthews, 21, of Indian Head, who was ably assisted in his efforts by one, R. Derick, '20, of Vancouver.

Some time ago Matthews offered to send some news and the G. S. naturally accepted, but only expected to receive a few items. Much to his surprise he was presented with the entire feature which appears herewith under the title—Macdonald Stars in the Western Sky.

Along with the news came quite an interesting and enthusiastic letter outlining the methods adopted in obtaining this news, and offering some several valuable suggestions as to ways and means of improving the efficiency and widening the scope of the work which the Association is supposed to do.

This news was obtained only after considerable effort on the part of these men, who sent circulars to every graduate, or got in touch with them personally. They have furnished more

news for this one issue than all the class secretaries have furnished in the last five years.

We take this opportunity of publicly thanking "Doug" and "Rus" for the keen interest they have shown, and feel sure their efforts will be appreciated by all graduates who have the interests of the Association in mind.

A CALL FOR CASH, CURSES OR CRITICISM

In the letter accompanying the article, Matthews suggests that a special appeal be made in this number of the magazine to those graduates who are not members of the Association, imploring them if they love their Alma Mater to join up and play the game. Normally, such graduates do not receive copies of the magazine, and so an appeal is not likely to reach them, but at his suggestion a copy of this number is being sent to every graduate of Macdonald—even those who are not members—in the hope that they will rally to the support of the Association. This is being done at considerable expense—but the boys out west have offered to defray it—if the funds

are not deep enough. How's that for College spirit?

And now for the appeal! What reasons have the men who are outside the ranks for not joining up? Do you realize that there are over a hundred of you who show no interest in the Association? Some of you have, perhaps, good reasons, but in most cases there is only one reason and that is—indifference.

You have received repeatedly letters from the General Secretary asking for co-operation, but very few of you have ever replied giving reasons for not joining the Alumni Association. If you have good reasons why not let us know. Why not let us have a chance to increase our usefulness, or change our methods so that we might obtain your support.

Do you expect a body which has only had the backing of about half the graduates to accomplish miracles? Do you expect an Association with an annual net income of about seventy-five dollars to send you the magazine for nothing? Do you realise that the younger graduates especially are going to follow the example set by some of you senior men and do just what you are doing—nothing? Do you appreciate that some of you were the providers of big “talk-fests” on College spirit at those student meetings some time ago? Do you know that the reputation of a college graduate can be seriously affected by the strength or weakness of the spirit of loyalty found in the Alumni body?

The above may sound like plain speaking. Pour in your criticism or **your** membership fees. The General

Secretary is prepared for either. But do *something*. The eyes of the supporters of our Association are on you, and in our next number we shall report a summary of criticism and cash.

MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS

The Memorial Scholarship established by the Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association has been awarded this year to Mr. T. Armstrong, a graduate of class '23. Armstrong is taking up his post graduate work at Macdonald College and is specializing in Entomology.

The scholarship has a value of two hundred dollars, and last year was awarded to G. H. Hammond, a graduate of class '22. He is completing his second term of work at Macdonald, and is also specializing in Entomology.

Any graduate of Macdonald who is a member of the Alumni Association may make application for this scholarship which is tenable at any university of recognized standing.

THE NEXT ISSUE

In the next number the usual list of names and addresses of graduates will appear along with the position or occupation of each graduate. Will every graduate who has recently changed his or her address or position kindly inform the General Secretary as promptly as possible? If space permits we intend to publish a budget of news concerning graduates in the Maritime Provinces, but fear the boys in Quebec and Ontario will have to wait until the fall, as there are about one hundred and thirty graduates working in these districts.



Macdonald Stars In The Western Sky

AS SEEN BY RUSS AND DOUG

PRELUDE

We have caught the radio bug. We use this medium for talking to distant friends. As the Alumni Editor has failed to answer our test calls a broadcast is sent along for publication. D and R speaking!

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

College friends always ask questions when they meet. They exchange inquiries concerning persons with whom they were associated in college days. The three questions always asked are these. Where is he? What is he doing? Is he married? In the following personal glimpses, answers to these questions will be found concerning all Macdonald graduates (and some ex-students) located west of the Great Lakes.

ASHBY (Undergrad.)

Pat is engaged in mixed farming ten miles S. W. of Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan river. His address is Hazel Copse Farm, Stratheona, Alta. The domestic outlay is adorned by a neat bungalow, a pretty wife and an active two-year-old boy. He met his wife while a "professor" at Oxford.

BOVING — '16.

George is carrying on intensive work for the Department of Agronomy for the University of British Columbia. His energy and outstanding characteristics are still with him. He takes interest in the chickens but is more interested in his wife and two children.

BRADFORD — '21.

Cecil was last seen by college friends in the Presbyterian restaurant at Ed-

monton Fair during the past summer. As Assistant to the Superintendent at the Experimental Station at Lacombe he is fully occupied. He is in charge of the livestock of the Farm, also a wife and a son—Cecil, junior. His favourite pastime is racing his own "Spark Plug" at the local school fairs.

BUCK — '11.

Buck is Assistant Professor of Horticulture at the University of British Columbia. Landscape gardening is his specialty, but he uses his spare time to excellent advantage in guiding the C. S. T. A. in that province. Three children grace the household of Mr. and Mrs. Buck.

BUCKLEY (Undergrad.)

Luck is still with Buckley. In the recent disastrous fire which swept Berkeley, California, the stone house where his apartment is located, at 2261 Shattuck Avenue, was the only one in the district to escape destruction. He has the honour to be the first post-graduate in the first Department of Range to be organized anywhere. This course will be used in Alberta later. Buck is numbered among the married.

CAMPBELL — '12.

Archie is farming 160 acres of irrigated land in the newly settled C. P. R. irrigated project at Patricia—"The banner belt of Alberta." He is married and has a numerous posterity.

COOKE — '14.

O. C. is at Prince Albert, Sask., where he represents the Provincial Department at the Co-operative Stock

Yards. Cooke is always present at the Saskatoon Fair. He is a hound on feeder steers for export. O. C. has us all guessing when it comes to the marriage question, but authentic information says he has been married for three years.

DERICK — '20.

Russ is assistant in the Department of Agronomy at the University of British Columbia. He still is, and always will remain, an ardent supporter of Macdonald. If he were proofing this paragraph, he would have UNMARRIED printed in large block letters.

FISKE — '14.

H. Fiske is General Manager of the Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Branch of the Brown Fruit Corporation. He has recently taken up headquarters in a spacious block. One of his pleasures is wearing a smile and among his duties is that of a husband.

GIBSON — '13.

Bill has transferred his activities to Alberta, where he is in charge of the Provincial Mental Hospital Farm at Oliver. He is a well-known judge of Clydesdales. Billy and Marie are the happy children which adorn the family circle.

GRISDALE — '11.

Frank is principal of the Provincial School of Agriculture at Olds, located in the livestock section of Alberta. He is considered an authority on Agronomy and an argument with him on this subject always ends in favour of F. S. Frank invested in a wife some years ago. His chief hobby is producing record yields of wheat.

HAY — '21.

Angus is district representative at Cranbrook, B. C. He was last seen judging spuds at the Provincial Po-

tato Fair in Victoria. His latest hobby is pipe smoking. Angus likes B. C. and B. C. likes him. The girls also like him, but the weather is against them in making Hay.

HAY — '20.

Bill is now in charge of forage-crop investigations at the Lethbridge Experimental Station. A freight wreck caused Bill to be a day late for his wedding, which happened at Saskatoon on January 2nd, 1924. His wife (née Winifred A. Suttaby, of Gravenhurst, Ont.) is not only a Household Science graduate, but has recently completed a course in dietetics and is, therefore, particularly qualified to feed hay to Bill.

HAY — '16.

George is one of the busiest men in British Columbia. He is always radiating from Cranbrook, where he is district representative. In fact, one is liable to meet him anywhere, in that province. George is married, but, to date, he has only a lead of one over Bill and two over Angus.

HETHERINGTON — '21.

Sam is organizer of marketing and co-operative work for the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, with headquarters at Regina. He is spoken of as a contemporary of Sapiro. He is still single, but the girls all like him because he has a Star coupé.

JONES — '20.

Walter is an assistant professor at the University of British Columbia. His line, of course, is animal husbandry, which, in his opinion, is the best option. He still maintains many of his college habits, but Walt has not persuaded any B. C. girl to change her name to Jones.

LOTHIAN — '13.

Up until a few months ago, Scotty

was located at Mission, B. C., working for the Soldier Settlement Board. At present he is with the Department of Immigration, with headquarters somewhere in England. On leaving B. C. he was unmarried, but accompanying him were two inseparable companions—Henry and Tip—the latter was an Airedale.

MACGEAN—'13.

Mac is Assistant to the Superintendent at the Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C., where he is entirely happy. He is especially fond of his son, David. Mac's IRISH comes readily to the front when his name is started with Mc.

MATTHEWS — '21.

Doug is in charge of cereal and forage crop investigation at the Dominion Experimental Farm, located at Indian Head. Leap year, for him, has started with big prospects—several girls have recently sent him copies of "Why Don't you Get Married."

MATTHEWS — '13.

Vic is the livestock man at Lethbridge, Alberta. During the past summer he took an experimental shipment of fat stock to Great Britain for the Canadian Government, to boost our export meat trade. Vic resides with his mother and they make frequent use of his Dodge business sedan during all seasons.

MIDDLETON — '14.

Bill is doing horticultural extension work for the University of British Columbia. He looks prosperous—you bet—his McLaughlin tells the story. Like most of his old classmates, Bill is married, with one son as a family.

MAW — '23.

Art is instructor of poultry hus-

bandry at the University of Saskatchewan, at Saskatoon. He is taking a keen interest in faculty athletics, a keener interest in his work, but the keenest interest in co-educational advancement, using, in this latter respect, much information obtained from the well-known co-educational course at Macdonald.

MOE — '14.

Gordon is Associate Professor of Agronomy at the University of British Columbia. Those who knew him at college will appreciate the fact that he is working harder than ever. However, he relaxes, occasionally, when someone suggests "bridge." The family is composed of one daughter.

NEWTON — '21.

Dot, who is holder of the Hudson Bay scholarship, is doing research work in plant pathology under Professor Buller at the University of Manitoba. Her special study is now the sexuality of the basidiomycetes. Dot, when on the job, wears a white coat, but she wears a smile all the time.

NEWTON — '17.

Jack, otherwise known as Dr. Newton, is with the Department of Soils at the University of Alberta, in Edmonton. Apart from his teaching, he is doing considerable research, which includes a soil survey of Southern Alberta. Jack resides with his parents, who are well known to many Macdonald students.

NEWTON — '18.

Margaret is Associate Professor of Biology at the University of Saskatchewan. Dr. Newton did her advanced work in plant pathology at the University of Minnesota. Since graduation, in 1922, she has been busily engaged training young minds along

biological lines. Besides her teaching duties, she still finds time for research work and some romantic activities.

NEWTON — '12.

Bob is head of the Department of Plant Biochemistry at the University of Alberta. Dr. Newton is one of the best known agricultural specialists of Western Canada. At present, he is studying cold and drought resistance in wheat as special research work. Everybody knows that he is married, so that is no news.

NEWTON — '14.

Bill finished his Ph. D. work at the University of California a short time ago and has since accepted a position at Pomona College, Cal. Bill liked B. C.—everybody does—but duty called him away and reports say his wife liked California better.

PAIGE — '21.

Mort is in Kelowna, B. C., on the Glenmore Ranch, where apples is the largest crop. Mort still finds time and money for sport, as is evidenced by pictures of fish and a moose which he secured at Quesnel Lake in the Caribou district of B. C. A report claimed he was married but Mort says he merely has time for the odd crush.

PETERSON — '20.

Pete is engaged in Federal poultry extension work, with headquarters at Edmonton. Due to his argumentative ability and persuasive powers, the prairie farmers raised so many turkeys this year that the bottom fell out of the market. We expect that Pete will soon remedy the market situation for poultry. He is now the proud father of a son and considers Alberta an ideal locality for the raising of his flock.

ROBERTSON — '12.

"Doc" is Live Stock Commissioner for Saskatchewan. He is secretary of numerous provincial live stock associations, into which he introduces the best of animals from Great Britain and other countries. At a moment's notice, he can muster large numbers of his live stock clan to take sweepstakes at the Royal and International Shows. He has considerably twisted the shape of the western hog so as to make it resemble bacon.

ROSS (Undergrad).

Ross is employed in livestock promotion work for the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture. His demonstration work with animals is always a feature at the big provincial shows. Tennis and bridge are his seasonal hobbies. A rush on him was started by the ladies early in the year when he announced that he would not purchase any silk dresses.

SADLER — '15.

Profs. are usually busy people and the Professor of Dairying at the University of B. C. is no exception. The International Dairy Convention took Prof. Sadler across the Atlantic last summer, but he is now carrying on his duties (including those of a husband) at the University.

SAVAGE — '11.

"Doc" was recently recognized on the ball room floor at the Manitoba Agricultural College. His duties consist of instructor of veterinary science at the agricultural college, curator of the health of the college herd and investigator of animal diseases far and near. His buoyancy of spirit is still serving him to excellent advantage in all these capacities. He says his favourite swear phrase is "a thousand buckets of blood" and that his new

roadster can touch sixty miles per hour—on the level.

SCANNELL — '21.

Wes is located at Saskatoon where he uses the Dominion Plant Pathology lab. as his headquarters. In his duties as District Plant Disease Investigator, he covers Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan. Although he has finished teaching school, he is still following at least one of the teaching professions.

SIMMONDS — '21.

Sim is Dominion Plant Pathologist at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, but during the winter he hibernates at Saskatoon. He has spore traps over the prairies to catch those elusive organisms and he is frequently found racing to the American border, armed with a microscope, determined to prevent new plant diseases from entering his territory. His work is in Saskatchewan, but his heart is in Prince Edward Island.

STANFORD— '18.

Miss Stanford was teaching at the Agricultural School in Youngstown, Alberta, but she now resides in Chicago, where her husband is studying engineering. She hated to leave the glorious West, but love will find a way.

STRAIGHT— '11.

This Mac graduate is Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Sidney, B. C. He is, indeed, fortunate to be located in a spot where climatic conditions are so conducive to health and production. He is en-

joying life on Vancouver Island, with a family of three children.

WOOD — '17.

Edgar is District Representative for a section of north-western Manitoba, with headquarters at Hamiota. He has been working in this capacity for the past three years. We failed to get in touch with him recently because he was on the trail arranging for winter short courses and demonstrating throughout the province.

WOOD — '11

Gordon has been established at the Manitoba Agricultural College, for the past three years, as Professor of Animal Husbandry. His investigation work includes a number of hog-feeding experiments. He is working with a herd **much larger than that at Macdonald.** Apart from the numerous duties of a professor, he has the responsibility of a householder, which includes the guardianship of a charming daughter about six years old.

WHAT OF THE EAST?

It is our hope that this series of splashes will help our Eastern friends to obtain a glimpse of the Western ambassadors of Macdonald. It will be noted that the number increases by provinces as one proceeds west of the Great Lakes. In Manitoba, we find four; in Saskatchewan, ten; in Alberta, twelve; while B. C. leads with fourteen, making a grand total of forty. We trust these sketches from the West will bring something similar concerning Mac grads in Eastern Canada and elsewhere.



“Faculty Items”

Principal Harrison attended a meeting of representative dairy cattle breeders, at the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, on February 18th and 19th, called by the Livestock Commissioner of Canada.

Sir Arthur Currie visited Macdonald College on March 6th.

Letters from Professor Lochhead indicate that he is enjoying his work in England and Ireland.

In February he paid visits to schools in Kent, Westminster, Ulster, Devon, Dorset, etc. When writing at the end of February, he expected that his itinerary would extend until Easter, and that he would be back at Macdonald about the end of April.

Incidentally, Professor and Mrs. Lochhead have been seeing the sights, particularly about London, including the procession at the official opening of Parliament.

Professor Lochhead saw Mrs. Muldrew, formerly of Macdonald College, at the Women's Colonization Office, London.

Several members of the Household Science staff are planning to take advantage of the Hubbell Tour to Europe this summer. This tour is arranged jointly by the White Star Line and the Canadian National Railways and is open to all university students and instructors.

Sympathy is expressed for Miss Hayward who was called to Fredericton, N. B. on March 15, owing to the sudden death of her uncle.

Miss Roach is being made the recipient of many useful and beautiful gifts at the numerous “showers” arranged for her benefit by the branches

of the Quebec Women's Institute she has been visiting recently.

Miss Poole of the Extension Staff conducted classes in Millinery and Cookery at Quebec from March 20th to 30th under the auspices of the I. O. D. E.

Members of the Household Science staff are interested in the recently formed Quebec Dietetics Association organized in Montreal, chiefly through the efforts of Miss Perry, Dietitian at the Montreal General Hospital. Miss Perry is the President of the Association, and at the regular meeting on March 12th, gave an interesting talk on “The Dietetic Treatment of Diabetes.”

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Ness and Master Ness returned to Macdonald on Feb. 9th from Madison, Wisconsin where Mr. Ness has been taking work for his M. Sc. degree.

Professor Barton attended the Dominion Dairy Cattle Conference at Ottawa, Feb. 18 and 19, and presented a plan for the official classification of registered dairy cattle.

During the month of February Mr. George F. Wright, Editor of the Montreal Daily Star, gave a series of seven evening lectures on newspaper work in connection with Mr. Hodgins' classes in journalism. These lectures were popular in character and were attended and enjoyed by a large number both of staff and students in addition to the members of the classes.

For the further encouragement of work in Journalism, Lord Atholstan has offered a prize, to consist of books, to the student in Journalism (Agr. III and Household Science III) turning in

the best set of papers in a contest covering: (a) the preparation of a "news story," (b) the obtaining and writing of an interview, (c) the preparation of an original bit of composition, suitable for publication in a newspaper.

Mr. Hodgins, author of "Why Don't You Get Married," has compiled his second book. It consists of about three dozen short sketches and it will be published early next autumn.

We received recently a jovial letter from Dr. MacFarlane now Professor of English in King's College, Halifax and formerly head of the English department at Macdonald College. He asked to be remembered to all his old friends at Macdonald College.

Mr. Heimpel spent an afternoon lecturing on "Farm Power Problems" at the Lennoxville short course.

W. J. Tawse gave a lecture on "Comb Honey Production" before the Montreal Beekeepers' Association on February 7th, and on "Growing Canning Vegetable Crops" before the Market growers at Valleyfield. He was assisted by W. H. Perron of last year's Hort. Option, but now with Depuy & Ferguson of Montreal.

M. H. Howitt gave a lecture on "Planning and Planting the Home Grounds" before the Back River Hort. Society on January 31st, and at-

tended the meetings of the Civic Improvement League.

E. H. Jones gave a lecture on "Chrysanthemum Culture" before the Montreal Gardeners and Florist Club on February 13th and an illustrated lecture on "Planning and Improving the Home Grounds" before the Community Club of the Town of Mount Royal.

Prof. T. G. Bunting lectured on "Fruit Growing for Pleasure and Profit" before the St. Andrews Men's Club, Westmount on January 16th, and a lecture on "Immigration in relation to Agriculture" before the Association of Advertisers in Montreal on March 11th. He attended the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Horticultural Council in Ottawa on March 5th.

Dr. C. J. Lynde gave a lecture on "Physics in its Relation to the Household" on March 3rd to the staff and students of Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York.

Dr. Lynde has been offered the position of Professor of Physics in Teachers' College, Columbia University. He has been asked to inaugurate and develop a course in Household Engineering.

After special post graduate work in Education the degree of M. A. was officially granted on Feb. 27, 1924 by Columbia University, New York, to Mr. A. R. B. Lockhart.



Our Wider Interest

Hobbies

"Hello, Jim! Where you going

"Oh, jes up in the bush."

"What's that dog noose for?"

"That ain't no noose, smarty."

"Well, what is it, then? It looks a hang of a lot like one."

"Well, if you want to know, that's for ketchin' butterflies."

"Ho, ho, ho-o-o! Butterflies! What yuh think yuh are, ennyway? A per-fesser?"

"By hickory! You come over here an' I'll bust yer face in."

"Aw, gee, Jim—don't get mad. I didn't mean nuthin.' Do you want to see my rabbit?"

"Nope! Ain't got time."

Now, why did Jim resent being laughed at like that? Of course, no one likes to be laughed at—in fact, nothing hurts quite as much as to be ridiculed. But Jim had another reason—you see, he had a hobby. He was proud of his hobby, and so he did not like it at all when Jack laughed at him. Hobbies do not appeal to everyone. Jack's particular hobby was collecting. Perhaps this is the most common type of hobby; and of this type there are many variations.

"Gee, my back's sore! Why were weeds ever made anyway?"

Many will echo this sentiment. They are a nuisance, aren't they? When it comes to growing, they can beat any "mammoth prize-winner" in the seed catalogue. But have you ever thought of making a hobby of collecting the

various kinds of weeds? You can press them between sheets of newspapers by piling some heavy objects above them. When they are dry, mount them on stiff cardboard; and you have something to show to Hank Brown on his next visit. Write to Macdonald College, or to the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for a book on weeds. With its aid, find out the names of the weeds, and label them. But what use is it to collect weeds, you may ask. Well, if you are observant, you will see that all weeds do not possess the same kind of roots. Some go very deeply into the ground, others are very shallow rooted. Hence you will learn that they require different kinds of teeth in the cultivator. You will also see how the seeds are formed, and how they are distributed. You will be surprised at the means of distribution you will find. As a final benefit from collecting weeds, you will have them when you come to Macdonald. Everybody collects weeds at Macdonald. It is the favourite fall pastime—of some. Of course, there are various ways of collecting, too.

"O-o-oh! Help! Help! It's biting me."

"For goodness' sake, Caroline! Whatever is the matter?"

"There's something down my back and it's biting."

"Don't jump around so. Let me take it out. Why, it's only a grass-hopper."

she would have known that the mournful-faced grasshopper is most harmless to humans. This phase of collecting may not appeal to girls, but boys should find it extremely interesting. It is more difficult than the previous one, but is fairly easy, after all. You need a net, and a poison bottle in which to kill the insects. This poison may be had only under certain conditions. The naming of the various insects presents a further difficulty; but it is not so great that it cannot be overcome. When you collect insects, you can discover their life histories—and what wonders these histories reveal. You can also learn why some insects survive a poison which kills certain other insects. And so you can find out many things, depending on how minutely you wish to follow out your hobby.

A boy once found a nest of blue-jays. Wishing to be kind to the little birds, he proceeded to give them a meal of worms. As he said, he filled them up to the neck. "The next morning he visited his little charges. He reported that, "the blue was there, but the jay wasn't." He had killed the little birds by mistake. However, he observed and experimented, and at last made a custard which was a satisfactory food for baby birds. Then he bought a few wild geese which had been tamed. These he placed in a pond near his home. For a few years these birds enjoyed life under his hospitable care. Then, one day, they called down a flock of wild geese. The latter were treated as kindly as the former. In due time, they went away. The next year they returned, and with them came more than double their number. Succeeding years brought increasing numbers, until now Jack Miner feeds

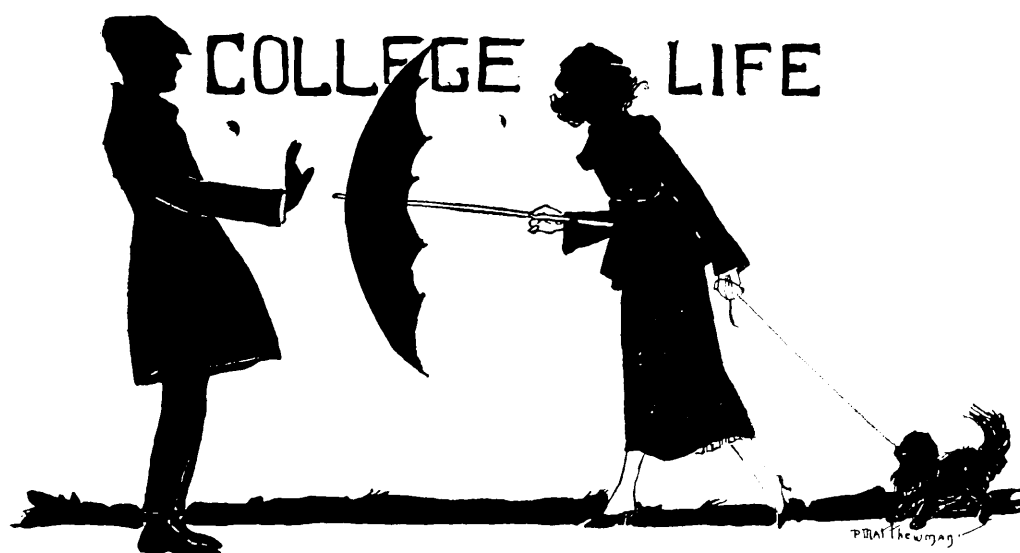
and gives sanctuary to thousands upon thousands of wild birds, chiefly the Canada goose. This is not a fairy tale; it is actually being done every year by Jack Miner, in Ontario. It is his hobby.

Space does not permit a detailed treatment of the numerous hobbies one may follow. The collecting of stamps and coins; the making of things in the shop; sports; reading; observations of various kinds—these are only a few of the total.

There remains the question of the time you have in which to follow these hobbies. Of course, they are carried out chiefly in spare time—to which many of you may reply that spare time is unknown to you. While realizing that most farm boys and girls are very busy for the greater part of the year, nevertheless, I think that if you decide to take up a hobby, you will find a few minutes now and then to devote to your pastime. There are a few slack days in even the busiest of seasons.

As to their value, you may be doubtful. If you could see the eager enthusiasm with which a stamp-collector looks over another fellow's collection in a search for a "trade," you would conclude that there must be something in it to have such an attraction. Furthermore you are continually learning something new, and you are training your powers of observation. If you think it worth while, give it a trial. If your experiment proves of value, keep on; if not, do not hesitate to abandon it. You yourself must determine the value of having a hobby.

M. MacLennan.



The Men's Dance

Excitement ran high at "Mac" the night of February the 8th, for the boys were giving their big, midyear dance. This one proved to be a great success, although the numbers present were not as large as usual owing to the formulation of new rules, by which the girls could not invite partners from outside the college. However, all who went proclaimed it to be a most enjoyable evening.

The girls met in the foyer at a quarter to eight and were escorted to the men's residence by members of the House Committee, through the mysterious tunnel—which was brilliantly lighted for the occasion! On arrival, the guests were greeted by the reception committee, which consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Miss Russell and Mr. Stewart, the president of the Students' Council.

The gymnasium and dining-room had been attractively decorated in a colour scheme carried out in yellow and blue, and the corridors had also been prettily arranged with rugs, ferns, pennants and cushions. (Where did all the cushions come from? We

wonder.) The whole effect was one of artistry and festivity.

The programme consisted of sixteen dances, and four extras. At eleven o'clock the dancers repaired to the dining-room in the women's residence, where a delightful supper was served. After supper was over the dance continued until 2 A. M., when the evening ended with a farewell waltz, the strains of the National Anthem, and, last but not least, the Macdonald and McGill yells.

The six-piece orchestra was excellent although they were obliged to rush the numbers, due to the length of the programme and the lack of time. Consequently there was quite a hurry between the dances. Small wonder that the dance lasted longer than scheduled, with such wonderful music.

The dance committee and all who took part in making the affair the success it was, are certainly to be congratulated on the admirable manner with which it was carried out. It leaves pleasant memories in the thoughts of all who attended.

M. C. B.

RECEPTION GIVEN BY DR. AND MRS. HARRISON

Seldom have the students of Macdonald College been regaled with such a feast of Music and Song as that provided by Dr. and Mrs. Harrison at their Reception held on Saturday, Feb. 16th., 1924. The Recital was of the highest order, and furnished a striking contrast to that modern travesty of music to which, unfortunately, we are now so accustomed, in popular parlance yclept "Jazz."

Mlle. Daisy Jean played a number of cello solos, including Handel's Largo, Popper's Rhapsody, and two Irish Melodies by Hahn. In the first-named she was ably accompanied by Mrs. Harrison at the organ.

Miss Helen Jeffrey, who is new to Montreal, will certainly achieve distinction as a violinist. Her selections included an arrangement of a Chopin Nocturne, a Tarantelle by Sarasate, and Kreilsler's arrangement of a Præ-ludium and Allegro by Paganini.

These two ladies, together with Miss Jean Wiswell at the piano, played as a trio in Grainger's "Colonial Song," a Brahms Hungarian Dance, and three "Miniatures" by Bridge.

But perhaps the pièce de résistance was Mlle. Jean at the harp. In an exquisite soprano voice, perfectly modulated and controlled, she sang a number of choice songs, in all of which she accompanied herself on this now comparatively rare instrument. Her numbers were of such uniformly high merit that it is almost invidious to choose, but mention may be made of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of India," Hahn's "L'heure exquise," and a charming although very short one, "Algonquin," by Mrs. Harrison.

A large number of personal friends

were also the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, and these, as well as the students, will long remember this most enjoyable evening.—P. H.

FRESHMEN-SENIOR DEBATE

The final battle of words for the much coveted Interclass Debating Trophy took place in the Assembly Hall on February 29th. Mr. McGarigle, President of the Society, occupied the chair, and in opening the debate pointed out to the audience that the resolution, "That examinations should be abolished," was one which was pregnant with interest and which may prove so fruitful of results to the students at Macdonald College.

The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Mitchell and Matthews on behalf of the Senior Year, while the Freshmen class was ably represented by Messrs. Rowell and Bennett.

Mr. Mitchell opened the debate with a strong attack upon the present system of examinations by showing that they yield quite inaccurate measures of achievement in that the marking of papers by the various examiners is subjective; that the questions, being of unequal difficulty, are also open to subjective rating by examiners; and that examinations as they stand today are not in agreement with educational objectives. Mr. Mitchell also argued that the time in which the paper was answered was an indication of the pupil's ability to think quickly and this, is not taken into account. Finally, he stated that a single examination does not provide an adequate opportunity for the student to demonstrate his achievements.

Mr. Rowell, the first speaker for the negative presented very logical arguments in favour of examinations. His

main contention was that examinations were exceedingly valuable to the student in that they induce clear and logical thinking and are a necessity for the development of one's memory. Examinations, he declared, fit the student for the practical affairs of life; they induce competition, and at the same time point out to the student the departments in which he is weak and the ones in which he is strong.

Mr. Matthews attacked the present system from the physical and mental standpoint by showing his listeners that written terminal examinations stimulate undesirable mental processes. He pointed out that as a result of present conditions, examinations are tending to become educational objectives in themselves. He deplored the time which is wasted by the examiner

in setting and correcting papers—time which might just as well be put to a more useful purpose. He concluded by setting forth an alternative system of periodic tests and “quizzes” which, he argued, would be much more beneficial to both students and examiners.

The advantages obtained by the faculty from written examinations were clearly outlined by Mr. Bennett, the second speaker on the negative side. The faculty, he said, were enabled to determine the ability of a student to meet such tests, and this, he reasoned, is practically the only way whereby the instructor can ascertain whether the student has carried out his term's work conscientiously. He went on to explain that examinations are the medium through which examiners are en-



The Senior Debating Team

abled to find out any weaknesses in their course and correct them if necessary. Mr. Bennett concluded by stating that the "crammer" is always apt to expose himself, in that he usually turns in an unfinished paper.

Mr. Mitchell rebutted, and the judges withdrew to consider their decision.

During the interval the audience was favoured by a solo from Miss E. Copland and a piano solo from Miss Boa. Messrs. Walford, Tully and Amaron presented a few of the latest orchestral masterpieces which were greatly appreciated.

Mr. Wright, chairman of the judges, in giving the decision stated that the judges, in awarding it to the affirmative had had no easy task in that the margin for decision was a very narrow one.

The shield as well as the prizes for the Literary and Debating Society's Story-Writing Competition were awarded by Mrs. Lynde.—McG.

PAPER, SIR?

Verily, the cry of the newsboy will stir up more than a passing thought in the minds of the third year Household Science and Agriculture students since our pleasant trip on Saturday March, 4th when we went into Montreal to be initiated into the mysteries of the printing press. Mr. Hodgins met us at the station, and as he had predicted, we knew him by the smile he wore. He was accompanied by Mrs. Hodgins, and so the party was well chaperoned. Our destination was the offices of the Montreal Daily Star, where we were welcomed by Mr.

Wright. After much arguing the party was divided, Mr. Wright and Mr. Hodgins taking the girls—the boys were equally well conducted? We were shown through the plant, from Reporters' Office to Postal Department. First we were introduced to the Linotype machines where the girls received each a copy of her name set in lead type. Then we were shown all the intricate operations necessary in the production of a daily paper until we finally reached the big presses in the basement. Here each of us received a copy of the "Star" "hot off the press." At 12.15 we again reached the outer office feeling that a "Star" was well worth the two cents paid for it. With a copy of the now coveted newspaper tucked under our arm, we departed, and as Mr. Wright foretold, headed towards "Child's" or the "Capitol" or both—"A good time was enjoyed by all."—C. M. F.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le treize mars les membres du Cercle Français se réunirent pour entendre une très intéressante et bien amusante causerie donnée par le Docteur Villard. Il avait choisi comme sujet. "La Jeune Fille Française du dix-septième siècle."

Après la conférence, Mons. Harvey exprima les remerciements de toute l'assemblée.

Mademoiselle Geller nous a favorisés d'un solo de violon qui compléta cette veillée admirablement bien.

La réunion se termina par les chants, "O Canada" et "Dieu Sauve le Roi."

Jean N. Lambly

Evolution aux Cheveux

OR

From Bad To Worse

Sept. 5—Have just arrived. Feel very ambitious. Just to remind you:



wig in order to be recognized; see picture of Sept. 5.

Jan. 15.—Back to wild life again. Consequently: —



Sept. 15—Glad I'm ambitious. Need it out here especially if you have any hair. My most recent photograph:—



Feb. 5—Have just parted company with \$1.00 on account of "Sterno." Farewell curls! Result:—

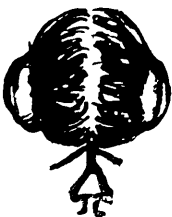


Oct. 20—Have given up sleeping on curlers owing to scarcity of feathers in pillows. Hence:—



Feb. 29—Was "shingled" to-day. Looks as if my worst enemy had cut a piece off here and there, just for spite. Quite a masculine appearance, n'est-ce pas?

If I had kept what I had in my youth, you would see me thus:—



March 13—Think I'll get a Marcel next time I go to town. History has a habit of repeating itself.

T. M. Keller.

Dec. 22—Am going home for Christmas so think I'd better wear the old

THE ORGAN RECITAL

On Sunday afternoon, February 17th, the College Organist Mr. R. Birkett Musgrove, favoured us with another of his most enjoyable recitals. The programme was such as could not fail to suit the tastes of all. Such selections from eminent composers as, "Fantasie and Fugue in C minor" by Bach, "Prelude to Tristram and Isolde" by Wagner, "Rêve Angélique" by Rubinstein, "Prière in F" by Guilmant, "Romanza" by Elliot, and "Variations on Haydn's "Hymn to the Emperor," "made up a delightful programme. The appreciation and enjoyment of the audience were greatly increased by the short, explanatory talks given by Mr. Musgrove before each selection.

Scarcely two months of the college year remain, and those the busiest months of the year; yet we are hoping for more of these well-spent Sunday afternoons.

MACDONALD PHILARMONIC SOCIETY

The second concert of the three to be given by the Macdonald Philharmonic Society during the season '23-24 took place in the Assembly Hall on Feb. 2nd. It is hard to judge whether or not this concert was an improvement on the first, for they both met with splendid success.

The programme was well chosen and executed with the utmost efficiency. Taking advantage of the success in the first concert of those items by Haydn and Fletcher, Mr. Musgrove included these writers again on his programme. Fletcher's "Bal Masque" was received by the audience with quite as much approbation as his "Demoiselle Chic" met with before. The chorus and or-

chestra both deserve great credit for their excellent presentation of the songs and musical numbers, and the Society is indeed fortunate in having such an able conductor as Mr. R. Birkett Musgrove.

The vocal solos contributed by Miss Mina McCreary were exquisite in tone and sweetness and were considered by many to be the most delightful items on the programme.

SKETCHES IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL

On Saturday evening, March the 8th we were both entertained and amused by a programme of sketches staged by Miss Bellis in the Assembly Hall.

The first sketch called "Gretna Green" was a picture of 18th century life, a story with the famous Gretna Green for a background. The characters were portrayed by Misses Evelyn Ross, Bertha Clark, and Matha Duffie.

"The Beau of Bath" was next in order. In this act Misses Isabel Bull and Martha Duffie played as master and servant while Miss Dorothy Caplin acted as a portrait figure, which for a time became a reality.

Misses Frances Gould and Leah Figgler were staged in the third number of the evening. The title of their act was "Blue Stockings."

The final scene of the evening was a Japanese Dance very well done by Misses Doris Rice, Ruby Davidson, Evelyn Copland and Audrey Taylor. It was both picturesque and dainty, and was undoubtedly the result of a thorough preparation.

Miss Reid of Montreal sang several selections between the playlets. She was accompanied by Miss Margaret Boa.

The excellent efforts of the actresses

were partially lost by the distinct lack of management and a lack of combined preparation which was noticeable throughout the entire performance.

Those present were greatly amused by the silhouette acting behind the curtain between acts, also by the failure of the automatic curtain to function on several occasions.

THE MACDONALD FROLIC

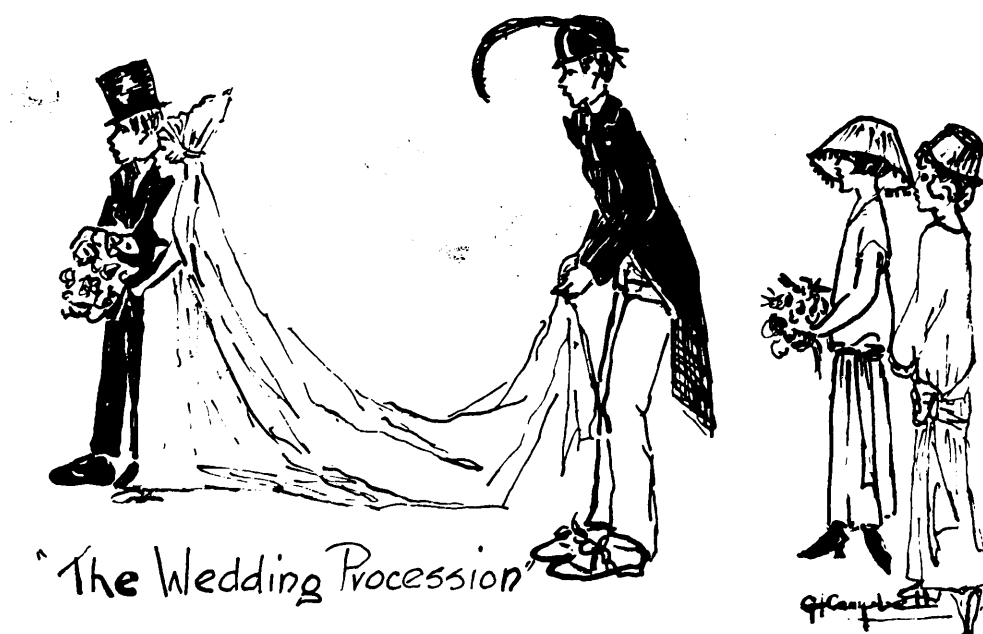
"A frolic?" you say.

"Why certainly; other colleges have

to express their pent up emotions, and so——.

If the society editor of one of our daily papers had been present she would have written up the first act as follows:—

A most beautiful wedding was solemnized when Miss Awful Itchy and Mr. Terrible Itchy were joined together in holy matrimony. The wedding ceremony took place in the Assembly Hall of Macdonald College. The Hall was beautifully decorated with



them, so why not us? Macdonald had the first frolic in the history of the College on Saturday night, March 15th."

"You were not there? Well, then you missed the best thing in the college year."

What if it was quite an impromptu affair and the gallant knights rode kiddie-cars in lieu of armour clad steeds, it was all the better for that. You see, owing to the unavoidable postponement of the usual Saturday night dance the students simply had

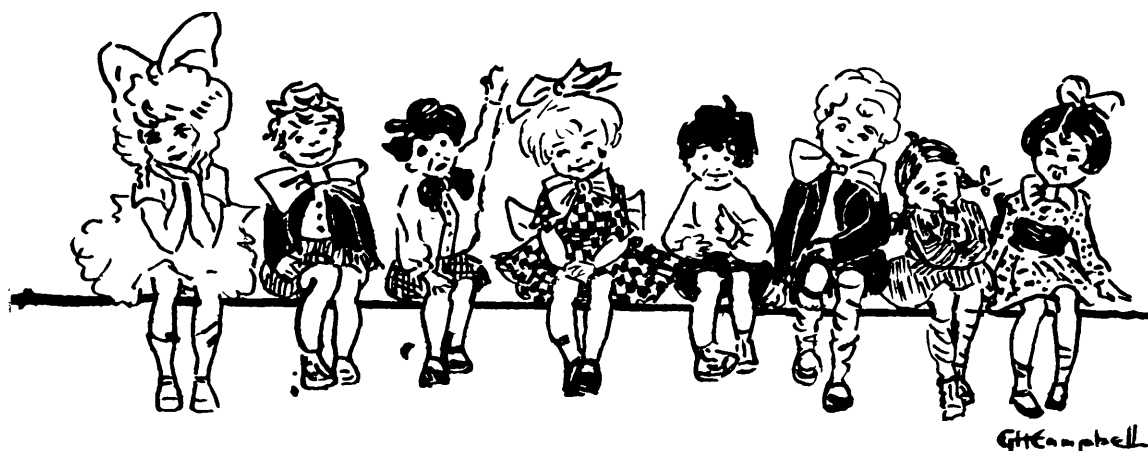
electric lights artistically arranged and a few chairs and tables conveniently placed. The bride who was given away (with relief), by her father was demure in a white satin gown which had seen much better days. Her bouquet was of sweet scented twigs and cotton. She was attended by six bridesmaids who were all gowned alike, wearing every thing from lamp shades to Fuller's Hair Brushes. "The little train bearer, a lad of tender years, was overcome by childish nervousness but managed to hold on to

the bride's veil much to the surprise of all. After a most impressive ceremony the bridal party left for a feed with the blessing of all the audience for a happy ending.

"The Little Red School House," a short skit by the School for Teachers followed. The scene of the wild scramble for seats when the school bell rang brought back to our memories our own kid days when we wrote on a slate and wore a dunce's cap. The teacher

audience's only regret was that it was all too short.

The Juniors repeated history by enacting a hair-raising tournament. The time went back to the days of knights and tin suits. Spark Plug and Zev's ancestors were prominent and played important parts. The knights, after a breathless battle, decided to quit, so one fell wounded. Pretty (?) nurses attended the gallant knight with great care and tenderness! The last seen of



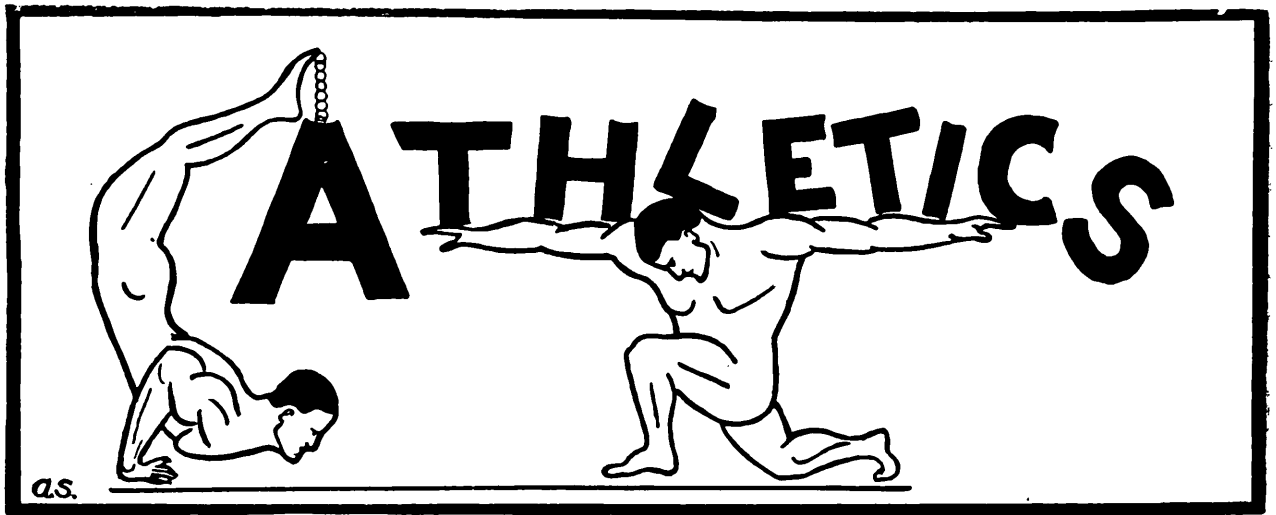
School Days
as portrayed by Intermediate
Teachers.

was everything teachers shouldn't be, but one whom all pupils adore—the meek and mild one! A Friday afternoon programme was arranged by the teacher. Poems such as "Mother may I go out to swim," "Humpty-Dumpty" and "I wish I were a little egg" were well spoken by the Misses Ophelia Pluse, Ima Hogg, Nelly Metter and Minervas Wreck respectively. A pretty piano selection was given by Miss Ann Archy. A jig, danced by Doug Out, reminded many of us the way some of our partners prance on our toes. The scene closed with the class singing "School Days" and the

the brave youth was an amusing picture of him being hauled off the scene of battle by his pedal extremities.

The last item on the programme was a musical (?) number. Banjos, mouth organs, and a cow bell were among the instruments. The orchestra reveled as Whitman's especially with their jazz numbers. A Hawaiian melody, played by one of the musicians, delighted the audience. A snappy song rendered by the orchestra completed the programme, and an enjoyable evening was had by all present.

Marion Lange



BASKETBALL

As the basketball season draws to a close we can look back over the season with a certain amount of satisfaction. While the fact that we were in no regular league handicapped the team to some extent, still a game has been played every week this term. Material this year was not as plentiful as last so only one team was formed. The players, however, worked hard, and some fast, close games were staged. Particular mention should be made of the men on the scrub team, whose efforts gave the required practice to the regulars. These are the men who really make the victories possible.

A number of last year's players were again on the line up. Amaron played his usual stellar game at left forward and was the heavy scorer of the team. H. Cooke was back on the forward line where he worked hard for his team, while Hill used his length to advantage at center. Bennett and Hicks are two new men who give promise as scorers of the future. Fogerty played his old position at left guard while Henry covered the right side of the floor. Little and Levine subbed as guards to everyone's satisfaction.

Among the feature games of the season was one with the Old Boys, play-

ed the day following the Boys' Dance. They showed us what a reputation Macdonald has to live up to. Both Winters and Skinner showed that neither one had lost his eye for the basket. It took the Grads. a while to get accustomed to old surroundings, but they soon showed their intimacy with the place by piling up the goals and the score ended 34-14 in favour of the Graduates.

When Sherbrooke High came out we met some of our old Tuxis friends. This was the fastest game of the season. The Sherbrooke players showed nice teamwork which, with an eye for the basket, led to considerable scoring. Amaron and Cooke starred for Macdonald. This game was also lost to the college; score 46-24.

Macdonald won the next game, however, beating M. A. A. A. Juniors by a 32-26 score. One of our last year's players, Lamb, figured on the visitors' line up. The game was clean and fast, making a good exhibition.

As a climax to the season's activities a series of two games was played with Ottawa Collegiate. Ottawa paid the first visit and carried such an excellent brand of basketball in their sample cases that they took the honors for the day—winning by the score of 45-32. We journeyed to Ottawa on March 19.

The Collegians again proved their superiority. The Mac. boys fought hard, but could not get going on the strange floor. The game ended 43-17 for Ottawa.

The following men figured on the line-up during the season: Amaron, Cooke, Hill, Fogerty, Henry, Hicks, Bennett, Little and Levine. Charlie

is in a man. To be a good hockey player a man must be sound mentally and physically because there is no other form of sport that requires a keener brain and a body that will act in unison with it.

Our college team has made a creditable showing this winter, having lost only three games throughout the sea-



College Basket Ball Team

Fogerty, as well as playing in all the games, had the additional duty of managing the team, and much of the success achieved by the team was due to his untiring efforts.

HOCKEY

Canada's favorite winter pastime is a game that brings out the best that

son. A great deal of the credit for this success is due to our manager Frank Laughland and the fact that the students got behind the team and supported it. There is nothing that will put more "pep" into players than when they feel that they have the backing of their fellow students, whether they are winning or losing.

Although the student body is small there is good material to build up a strong hockey team. The majority of the players come from the junior years. This fact is encouraging for next season. The team should then be stronger than the present one because there is bound to be some good hockey-players among the incoming freshmen.

Prominent among the games played were those with Stratheona High School. We were glad to see that Brodie Snyder had lost none of his old-time skill in handling the stick. His aggregation of puck chasers made our fellows work hard to uphold the higher end of the score.

Wesley Church A. A. exhibited an excellent brand of hockey by holding the score to a tie. Corbett formerly of Macdonald appeared in their line up.

A trip to Oka Agricultural College resulted in a fast hard-checking game and gave the boys an appreciation of sleighing at 15 degrees below. There were no casualties reported.

Other games worthy of mention were those with McGill Science '26 and the play-off for the McGill Inter-Class League Championship with Science '24. The season ended with a trip to Ottawa where the team played Ottawa Collegiate.

Following is a list of games played.

Macdonald:—6 — Stratheona:—4

Macdonald:—3 — Hudson:—1

Macdonald:—4 — Stratheona:—1

Macdonald:—5 — Wesleyan Church
—5

Science '26:—4 — Macdonald:—1

Macdonald:—3 — Oka Agr. Col.:—1

Science '24:—3 — Macdonald:—0

Ottawa Collegiate:—5 — Mac.:—0

BASEBALL

Baseball has been *the* indoor game this winter at the college. Although not as exciting as basketball to watch, it nevertheless attracted a large number of spectators, who judging from the cheers seem to have enjoyed the games thoroughly.

When practices commenced last fall it was soon noticed that the men were interested, and the looked-for difficulty of getting men to turn out was not noticed. However, as the time went on the men turning out became fewer and fewer, due no doubt to their thinking that they had no chance to make the team. As already pointed out in previous articles this is absolutely the wrong impression to take. It is our firm opinion that if more men had kept up with the practices we would have fared better in our games.

In the league the first game played was against the McGill "Whites," whom we defeated by fourteen runs to five. Winning this made everyone keen to carry on and head the league. However, our aspirations were nipped in the bud when we went down to defeat at the hands of the McGill "Reds." The "Reds" had a well-balanced team, and Macdonald fell down in their batting—this, as always, being the weak part of our game.

Macdonald versus University of Montreal drew a large attendance, and although the game was one-sided, it was none the less interesting to watch. University of Montreal are new to the league this year, and with their battery bolstered up should produce a team which will have to be watched in the future. The score at the close of this game read 32 to 11 in favour of Macdonald.

McGill "Whites" defaulted their return game with us, and if Macdonald could have beaten the "Reds" in Montreal they would still be in the running for the Championship. Our team lost, and our hopes of leading the league went with the game. The score was 11 to 5; losing out again by the poor batting. Macdonald, with three wins to her credit, came second in the league, being defeated only by the "Reds."

Macdonald also entered the inter-faculty baseball league, and played three games, two of which we lost by close scores.

The line-up of the Indoor Baseball team is as follows:—

Pitcher	Skinner
Catcher	Heslop
1st Base	Atwell
2nd Base	Perrault
3rd Base	Armstrong
Short	Smith
Short	Little
Field	Hammond
Field	Walker
Spares	Eaton
Cook, Hetherington, Sharp, Hunt, and Tully.	

INTER CLASS GAMES

Although the schedule of interclass games is not yet completed, the Sophs are a safe bet for first place with the Seniors and Juniors running a neck and neck race for second honors. Owing to the fact that the League is six-cornered the schedule has been monotonously long. It is to the credit of the manager of inter-class games that he has been able to keep up the interest and have the games played as dated. The Post Grads. have demonstrated their prowess in baseball, but in bas-

ketball have not yet developed an efficient system to feed their elongated centre who could easily enough place the ball in the basket.

The feature game of this term was a basketball game between the Second and Fourth years. Both teams were fairly evenly matched, but the game was frequently interrupted to give demonstrations of leap-frog and other acrobatic contortions. Smith played a hard consistent game for the seniors but was overwhelmed by the team-play of Walker and Little, and perhaps dazzled by the exhibition given by James. The game concluded in a victory for the Sophs by the score of 18-13.

THE SMOKER

On the evening of March 13th, the Athletic Association gave a smoker in honor of the members of the Winter Short Course. A very interesting programme had been prepared and it proved to be one of the most pleasant functions of the year.

The first part of the programme consisted of a number of aquatic events and so, during the early part of the evening, the interest centered in and around the swimming tank. While the number of contestants was not very large there was keen competition in most of the events and these particular "Aggies" appeared to be fully as much at home in the water as they are upon the land. Owen, '25, deserves special mention. He showed considerable speed and in the Four Length Speed event he reduced a former record, made by himself in 1923, by 4.4 seconds. That he had plenty of endurance was shown by the fact that in the Six Length Speed event he was go-

ing much stronger at the finish than at the beginning.

The judges of these events were professors Dickson, Summerby, and Barton. Mr. Ness acted as starter and Mr. Vanterpool as announcer. The time keepers were Dr. Lynde and Mr. Howitt.

Below are given the winners in the various events together with the time made by each:—

Two length speed

- 1st — Owen — 21 seconds.
- 2nd — Henry — 21 4-5 seconds.
- 3rd — Humphrey — 23 2-5 seconds.

Four length speed

- 1st — Owen — 46 4-5 seconds.
- 2nd — Hammond — 54 1-5 seconds.

- 3rd — Humphrey — 59 seconds.

Six length speed

- 1st — Owen — 1 min. 24 1-5 sec.
- 2nd — Hammond — 1 min. 37 1-5 secs.
- 3rd — Parent — 1 min. 59 3-5 secs.

Two length breast

- 1st — Ward 26, 4-5 secs.
- 2nd — Cooke — 27 secs.
- 3d — Hay — 27, 3-5 sec.

One length back

- 1st — Owen — 12, 1-5 secs.
- Ward — 12, 1-5 sec.
- 2nd — Hammond — 13, 3-5 sec.
- 3d — Perrault — 15 1-5 sec.

Relay

- 1st — Third year — 1 min. 39 1-5 secs.



Boys' Hockey Team

2nd — Fourth year — 1 min. 41 secs.

Long plunge

1st — Henry — 34 ft. 6 ins.

2nd — Stewart — 33 ft. 2 ins.

3rd — Parent — 31 ft. 6 ins.

The contest resulted in the third year securing 46 points; the fourth year 29; Post Grads. 9; second year 6; and the Winter Course 2 points.

Denman, of the High School, also deserves special mention in connection with the aquatic events. As he was not a member of the Athletic Association he was not allowed to compete for prizes and hence his name does not appear in the above records although he actually came amongst the first three in many of the events. He was particularly strong in the long plunge, covering a distance of 42 feet 4 1/4 inches. This was 7 feet 10 inches farther than the distance covered by the winner in this event and 5 feet 10 inches farther than the record made by Hammond in 1923.

The gathering then adjourned to the gym. where the squared circle was rapidly surrounded by the crowd. After a selection by the college orchestra, Mr. Sharp, popular trainer of the Boxing Club, and Mr. Snow, one of his Montreal pupils, gave a most interesting demonstration of a typical workout—a shadow boxing, tusseling, skipping, ball throwing, and completing the display with two rounds of boxing.

Next on the program came a bout between Walsh and Haslam, at 135 lbs. The contestants went the usual three rounds with plenty of action. Although twice knocked down Walsh was adjudged winner, as having given the more scientific exhibition and delivering the cleanest hits.

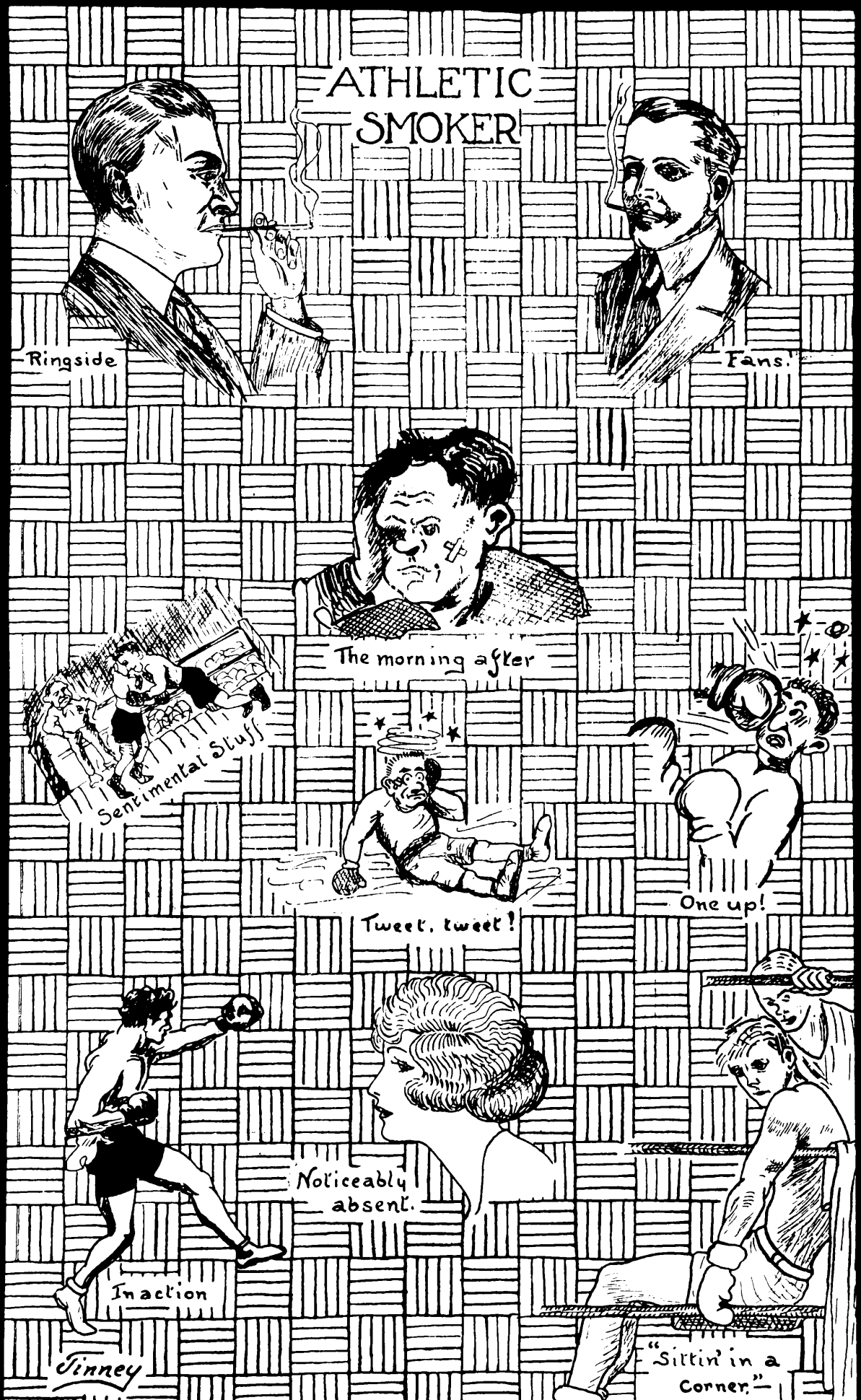
A new feature, for this year at

least, followed when Cooper and McGarigle gave an exhibition of fencing. The man first making 6 points was to be winner. McGarigle early established a lead of two points, but when the score reached 5-3, Cooper succeeded in evening the count. However McGarigle came back and won the bout by annexing the next point.

The orchestra then favored with a much appreciated selection, which was followed by the second boxing bout, between Fogerty and Hill, at 150 lbs. Hill had slightly the advantage throughout, Fogerty being distinctly groggy in the latter part of the first round. The second round was fairly even, but Hill had some advantage in the third, and was awarded the decision by the judges.

Refreshments were then served, ham sandwiches and ginger beer being consumed in large quantities, satisfying the carnal man, while the orchestra played soul-satisfying popular airs. Smokes—cigars and cigarettes—circulated freely from time to time.

Wild Bill from Arizona next gave a demonstration of how to use the whip. Wally Walker claims his embryonic moustache lost 46.84 per cent of its longitudinal development in his hair-raising episode with Bill, but we are inclined to consider this loss due to the strategic retreat of the component parts rather than a distinct decapitation of the tissues involved. Nor was this our Arizona friend's only accomplishment. He shortened his right leg a full 12 ins., and later lengthened his right arm almost an equal amount. He also "grew" very considerably, and then finally subsided to normal once more. To complete his display he permitted Messrs. North and Bull to bind him most dexterously



with many ropes, and while he just failed to entirely free himself in his self-imposed time limit of two minutes the marvel is he is not still reclining on the gym floor.

Mr. Stewart next addressed the Winter Course students, thanking them for their hearty co-operation in College activities, and expressing the regret of the student body at their departure, and the hope that they would not consider the time spent at Macdonald lost, but find themselves benefited both by the instruction and the associations. Mr. Williamson, president of the Winter Course, replied expressing the appreciation of the class for the treatment they had received both from faculty and students, and the hope that many of the class would return to take the regular four year course. Dr. Lynde spoke, outlining the means by which it had been made possible for a student who had completed the Winter Course to enter the B. S. A. Course without matriculation, completing his High School work by the end of his second year.

Hicks and Denman at 160 lbs participated in a three round encounter. The first round of this match was fairly even, but the superior skill and

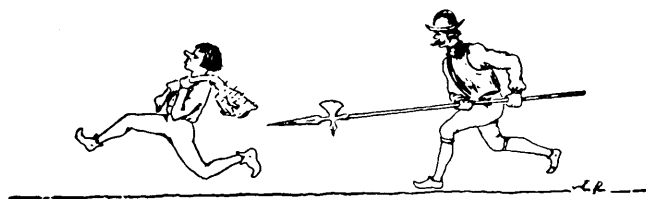
stamina of Hicks began to tell, and the bout was stopped near the end of the third round. Hicks was later chosen by the judges as the man giving the best exhibition of boxing for the evening.

Ward and Shaw went three rounds, Ward having the advantage most of the way. He was awarded the decision on the vote of the judges.

The final match between Riley and Cooper proved to be the most interesting of the evening. The contestants both showed a remarkable capacity to take punishment, and both gave and received a large number of none too gentle love-taps. At the end of the third round the judges could not agree, and the referee called for a fourth. Even after this the judges disagreed, the referee awarding the bout to Cooper. The fight was very close and the decision difficult. Cooper had the advantage of weight, while Riley probably displayed a little more science.

After singing the National Anthem, and giving the Macdonald and McGill yells, the party dispersed, generally expressing the opinion that this smoker was the "best yet."

C. A. L.; H. S. C.



Girls' Athletics

HOCKEY

A berth in the Montreal Amateur Ladies' Hockey League was filled again this year by the Girls' Hockey Team. While we did not have the pleasure of winning any of our games we, nevertheless, had only five goals scored against our team during the season. Only three games were played—two of which were lost by the score of 1-0 and the other, 3-0.

The first game against R. V. C. was very close, no score being registered for either side until the Montreal girls, in the third period, notched a solitary goal which was sufficient to win the game for them.

The next encounter was staged in Montreal. Y. W. C. A. were our opponents. The girls from the "Y" played some flashy hockey and it was largely because of the excellent work of Miss

J. McLeod in the Macdonald nets that we were not shut out by a larger score than 3-0.

In the last game of the season, against Physical Eds. we again went to the third period without scoring or being scored against, but, as luck would have it, the winning goal was obtained by the visitors.

The following girls wore the green and gold colours during the season.

Misses J. McLeod, I. Bull, A. Paige, T. Hamilton, I. Delahaye, E. Copland, B. Beamish, D. Sangster, E. Dodge, and M. Kerr.

If we succeeded in getting through the season without winning a game, it was not due to lack of good coaching, and many thanks are offered to Mr. Boyle, who gave unstintingly of his time in a vain effort to make us "lift that puck off the ice."



The Hockey Team

BASKET-BALL

Although the Girls' Basket-ball team has not been as successful this year as last, it has done good work. Unfortunately the team was not up to form until after the Inter-Section games.

On Feb. 9th. the M. S. P. E. teams came out to play two matches on our own floor. The Physical Eds are noted for their star basket-ball teams and certainly did not lose that reputation on this occasion. Both our first and second teams lost their games.

The R. V. C. teams were our next opponents and the games were played in the Montreal High School gymnasium. The McGill first team defeated our first team by the score of 16-12. A certain nervousness on the part of the Macdonald players kept them from playing their usual game. The Macdonald second team, however, had the upper hand and scored 34 points against their opponents 20. Miss Taylor did fine work for her team scoring most of the points.

On Feb. 23rd. Montreal High School played the Macdonald Senior team, with the resultant score of 51-24 in favour of Macdonald. Miss Cassils, for Macdonald, shot twenty baskets and two goals making forty-two points in all. The second team played a much closer game with the Montreal High Seconds but also won their game—18-14.

During the season the Inter-Section league furnished some good games. The most exciting fray taking place when Section B (Teachers) defeated Science and thereby won the Inter-Section Basket-Ball Shield.

The Annual Teacher-Science game was full of thrills. At half time the score was tied, 10-10. During the second period excitement ran high, first one team scoring and then the other team, until the final whistle blew with Science in the lead by one point.

For Science Miss Cassils and Miss Delahaye were in great form and Misses Taylor, Little and Copland starred for the Teachers.





First Basketball Team



Second Basketball Team



Embarrassing Situations

The other evening, having opened the Montreal Star at Margaret Currie's page, I sat down to indulge in an hour of perfect nonsense. You will appreciate that I was in an extremely comfortable and pleasant state of mind. I had enjoyed a "remarkable" supper in the college dining-room and my corn-cob pipe was smelling most vilely. I was ensconced in an atmosphere of congeniality. For me, this is the most enjoyable hour of the day, when I am repaid for all the annoyances, ennui, boredom, etc., attendant upon imbibing knowledge through the mouths of the wise.

I had read avidiously of the pretty girl with blue eyes and curly hair who inquired if it was proper to kiss a gentleman when saying good-night. (Heaven forbid). I had read of "second marriages," "that school girl complexion," "the love that endures," etc, with more or less enthusiasm. At

last, I came to an article which aroused my feeling of sympathy and drew me with the bond of mutual experience. This was the article.

Suppose a gentleman is walking down one of the principal thoroughfares of a large city, with a lady friend, when he uneasily perceives a "pink silk band" protruding from beneath the cuff of his trousers. He is at once filled with the premonition that his harness has slipped a notch. What should be his procedure? Should he stoop and surreptitiously poked the offending article or should he, with a muttered apology, beat a hasty retreat into a near drugstore? Convention suggests the latter.

There are many similar embarrassing situations to which we unfortunate mortals, bound by the false conventions of our artificial civilization, are subject. Prominent among these are those that arise as a result of pride.

I remember an unpleasant incident which happened to me a short time ago. I had invited a young lady to go to the show. As we reached the ticket office, I confidently thrust my hand into my pocket to pull out the two pasteboards which should be reposing there. I drew a blank. Hurriedly I searched my pockets, but to no avail. At last I remembered that in dressing I had neglected to shift properties. A cold sweat broke forth on my forehead. I had no tickets, no money, and I especially wished to produce a favorable impression on my companion. I dare not impose on convention to the extent of allowing her to pay for our admission. I thought rapidly. An explanation would be worse than useless and I perceived my happy future growing less and less distinct. A bright thought proved my salvation. I reeled and staggered and did my best to turn pale. To my companion's solicitous inquiries I at last professed to a sudden painful sickness. My subterfuge was successful, and we returned home, I damning my carelessness and she offering sympathy for my illness. I had lived up to the conventions but had paved the way to my being a consummate liar. Success encourages repetition.

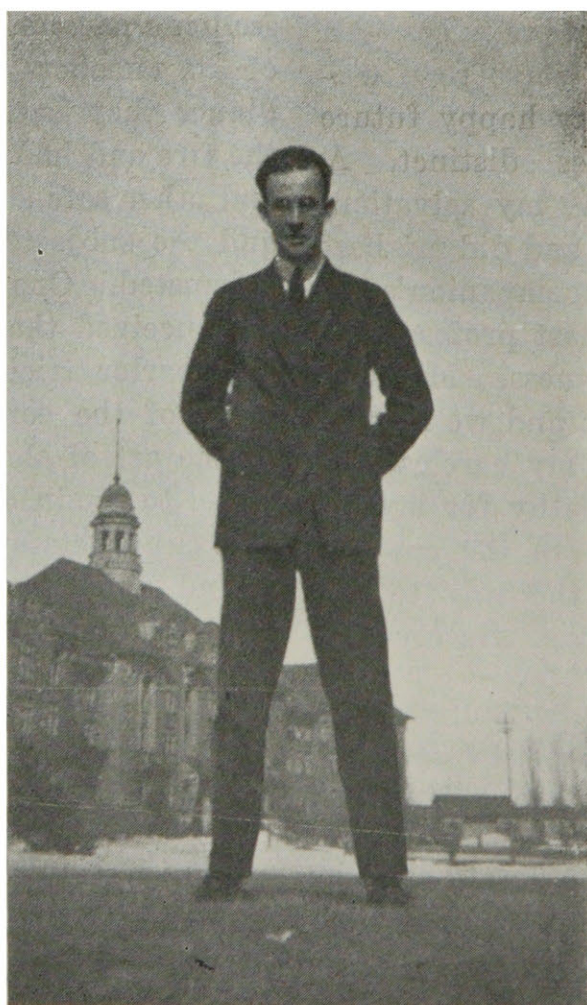
Cases of mistaken identity lead to more embarrassing situations than even the imagination can fathom. Did you ever give someone a hearty clap on the back, and then discover that "George" was not "George," but a highly incensed stranger? Or boys, did you ever happen to be standing in a crowded railway station and have some strange lady rush up and embrace you as "Mother's darling boy?" Did you not feel cool and collected?

Four or five years ago, before I had been educated at Macdonald, I had the pleasure of attending a magnificent banquet. An Epicurean could have found not fault with the fare, and I was not critical. I came away, however, hungrier than when I went. I was so bewildered by the glittering array of knives, spoons, forks, etc. that I made but feeble attempts to eat. My pride forbade that I make a faux pas.

We students at Macdonald have a faculty of being hungry at the most inconvenient times. A friend of mine was describing a calamity that befell him as a result of this overwhelming everlasting feeling. A group of students had dined at the home of one of the members of the faculty. After dinner they had gathered in front of the fire and had discussed the weather and other safe subjects until both they and the subjects of conversation were exhausted. One bright youth suddenly conceived the idea of performing a few parlor tricks for the entertainment of the company. He lay claim to the art of sleight of hand and proposed to produce numerous articles out of the pockets of his companions. My friend objected even to the point of rudeness but uselessly. To the accompaniment of his fiery blushes, a leg of chicken, three pieces of cake and half a dozen olives were removed from his pockets.

All three instances as well as numberless unrecounted ones can be laid at the door of unpreparedness. What trouble is an extemporaneous speech to the student who has studied English at Macdonald; what discomfiture is caused by a surprise test in Chemistry to the student who is prepared; what uneasiness does torn or ventilated ap-

parel cause to the individual who carries safety pins? In conclusion, I can only suggest that we all adopt a pessimistic state of mind. One definition for a pessimist is a man who wears both belt and braces.—H. H.



“How it Feels to be a Post-Grad.”

A Measly Episode

If any man be possessed with the desire to experience the many joys of prison life, let him do one of the following deeds. Let him commit bigamy, or let him be caught in Ontario with the goods on him, or finally, if these methods fail, let him acquire by fair means or foul, that dreadful disease, commonly known as German measles. This last method is unfailing in its results.

I had no desire to live a hermit's life for two dreary weeks, but Fate took a hand and sprinkled me liberally from head to foot, with a red, low-down measly rash. When my condition was first noted I had visions of wearing a high collar and thus hiding my horrible secret, but my face soon took on the same hue as my poor old neck and I decided that I couldn't possibly face Dr. Snell with a permanent blush. So I despatched my faithful wife to break the sad news to the head thermometer-slinger.

In due time we received a visit from the doctor, who, by the way, seemed to think that our sad plight was something of a joke, and who took great delight in informing us that we would be separated for sixteen days. My adored spouse had to pack her belongings and move to lower regions, while I, with my trusty banjo, a book of Kipling, a picture of my beau and fourteen smuggled chocolate bars, soared heavenwards and finally came to rest in a remote corner of the building, among several other bespeckled mortals.

It did not take me long to get settled in my new quarters. The thermometer-slinger gave my bed a few

gentle taps, told me that I was on a liquid diet, and left the room. I smiled cynically and began my liquid diet with a "Peanut (hew)." By the way, the slogan of all the measle band is "What people don't know, won't hurt them."

During the day, I spent my time sticking my head and shoulders out of the window and comparing notes with the wife, whose quarters were just below on the first floor. I also played solitaire and said all manner of unladylike things. At a quarter after five, steps, the sound of which was soon to become familiar, were heard in the hall outside, and a pot of tea, with what I thought was a soda cracker, but afterwards learned was a concession, was presented to me with much ceremony. While I partook of this sumptuous meal, I received a lecture on what happens to little girls who lean out of windows when they have the measles. After having instilled terror in my childish mind (and if what we learn in class is true, thereby ruining my digestion) good-nights were said and we found ourselves alone once more. I afterwards learned that my poor wife dreamt of electric chairs all that night, having been told that if I died, my blood would be on her head for tempting me to lean out of the window thereby exposing my bespeckled countenance to the wintry winds.

The next few days were spent in a similar manner to this first one, except that the liquid diet was a little more varied. It consisted of everything from lobster sandwiches and Kraft cheese, to Lauras. By the third day our number had been increased to six.

I was allowed up when the rash disappeared and had the great privilege of washing up the dishes. I might say here that our kitchen linen was more holy than righteous.

On the morning of the fourth day, cornflakes were added to my diet, and as the days went on, other delicacies found their way up to our quarters in the shape of cold potatoes, rice-pudding, beef tea and jam. These things were rather fun, because they were good material with which to play the little game taught to us by our guardian. This game is a kind of glorified target practice. It is played in the following manner—The window is opened and the food arranged carefully on the sill. Then, with a loud cry of "Look out below!" the food is hurled with terrific force into the lilac bushes. It might be stated here that those who did look out below were immediately sorry. The game was played

with great hilarity, before every meal.

Another feature of our exile was the daily ritual which was staged every morning at about eight-thirty. This ritual was composed of the following chant.

"Good-morning all."

"Good-morning Miss Scott."

"Plenty salt and sugah?"

"Yes, thank you Miss Scott."

"Nice breakfast this morning."

"Yes Miss Scott."

"Plenty peppah?"

"Yes, thank you Miss Scott."

"That's right."

At last the dreary period of exile drew to a close. The last game of solitaire was played and the disinfecting "bawth" was taken. Then, solemnly leaving my belongings behind me, wearing a uniform and a pair of golf shoes, I crept slowly down the stairs and went quietly to my room,—I don't think!"—M. I. C.

TABBY GAY

Coquettishness in Tabby Gay,
Is just naturally her way.
Her graceful pose, her silken dress,
Effectively invite caress.

She captivates, my Tabby Gay,
With pleading eyes, alluring way;
She sidles up quite close to me
With wicked simuosity.

And yet I would not have you guess
That I love Tabby Gay the less.
For innocence in Tabby Gay,
Is, too, my Persian Kitty's way.

D. M. B.

On Asking For A Rise

It all came about because my wife insisted on having that new Mah-Jongg dress, which I could not very well afford to buy. In order to avoid the extreme penalty of eating my meals cold—the climax of all my marital difficulties—I decided to face the ordeal of asking my boss for an increase in salary.

I went to his office. I was nervous, naturally. He opened the door for me and politely asked me to be seated. He himself sat in his revolving chair before his huge desk, and rubbed his hands briskly, while I bit my finger nails hungrily. At last he looked up at me. I looked down. He looked down. I looked up, he looked up, and so on, until our eyes met. I instinctively felt that in all walks of life it was a good thing to walk out sometime.

"Well," said he, "are you about to leave us?"

"Leave you, what?" I queried, with a tremolo in my voice.

"When is your vacation taking place?"

I had entirely forgotten it was due to begin the next day. Anyhow I managed to mumble:

"Sir! I have worked ten years for you, and—

He swivelled around in his chair several times, then setting the brake, stopped, looked at me narrowly, and said:

"Is that so? I hope you feel the younger for it!"

I inwardly wished the agent who had sold me that life assurance the

night before had suggested this. But these agents don't—honest they don't.

"But Sir," swallowing my tongue the second time, "I want you—"

"You want me! Wake up, young man, nobody wants me, all they want is my money."

I did not object to that. I pulled out my handkerchief—he pulled out his gun—I know not why. At this moment the vision of my dearest part loomed up menacingly before me. It catalysed me. I said:

"Sir, I *must* get—"

"Out!" he achieved.

I protested.

"Pleaze give me a——." Darn it all, I could not call the last word.

Everything started to hum, buzz, and turn about me, and even my pockets, happily empty, turned inside out. I caught my falling cigar and offered it to him with a trembling hand. He grasped it with both hands, smelled it, rolled it, stepped on it, and returned it to me—he was a non-smoker. So he said. Suddenly the spirit of my forefathers arose in my stagnant blood, and with a low defiant cry, I flung him the fatal word. If he could not raise my salary he could raise my temper. Looking at me rapturously he blurted out:

"Yeast can raise a loaf of bread, but even I cannot raise a loafer."

I left his office broken-hearted, and still broke. But it made no difference to my wife. She ordered the new dress. I died the next day. I got my rise.



SATURDAY NIGHT AFFAIRS

Junior Ad:—"This place certainly has the gee-wees. Everything is at **sixes and sevens.**"

Aggie:—"Yes, and 9.30 usually sees its finish."

Dr. S.—(lecturing to Juniors):—"This means that when you reduce the Pentose, Arabinose, you obtain Arabitol and d-Trioxylglutaric acid, which, in turn, upon oxidation by means of hydrocyanic acid, yield d-glucose and d-Mannose among the Hexoses."

Third Year Aggi (sotto-voce):—"Pre-e-cisely."

Jimmy D.—"Is Mary Artistic?"

Beulah B:—"No, but she is interested in Art."

Beulah has a weak heart.
But she has an Armstrong.

An urgent phone call for "Mr." Hetherington.

"Hello?"

"I'm just dressing for supper. Will you lend me your little red shirt?"

"My little red what?"

But she had rung off.

Question:—Who was the young lady and what was wrong with her own little red shirt.

GAS ALLEY

Dedicated to Class '23, a group of stalwarts who made the Alley a center of distraction.

Down Gas Alley one may find
Men of all sorts, big in mind;
In one thing only are they agreed.
To do no work, in thought or deed.

First comes Bill, the man with the toot,
If he were a cat he'd get a boot;
Stan is his wife, a care-free lad,
Who's not very good, nor yet very bad.

A youth from Bermuda lives right next door,

His appetite's ever calling for more;
Slim and Cee Dee hang around here too,
Both talk a lot but find little to do.

Jack and Joe have no moments that lag,

The first runs the sports, the second, the mag.

Champ and his femme dwell just over the way,

In the quietest room in Gas Alley, we'll say.

Now this little song is not very witty.
'Tis neither a rhyme, nor yet a ditty;
It describes in poor verse the best spot in college.

Where no one need work who wants to get knowledge.

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"How did you make it in chemistry?"

"Got 97 in the course."

"Mighty smart."

"Yes, made 40 in the first quizz, 30 on the second and 27 on the third."

Sun Owl

A young lady was being interviewed.

"Do Co-eds kiss?" she was asked.

"You'd be surprised," she remarked coyly, "how much goes on right under my nose."—Pelican.

Dr. Lynde (diverting from his lecture in Physics to explain the coloring in deep-water fish): "To tell the truth boys I don't know much about the matter, its rather out of my line."

C. D. (to his bench mate): "Rather at sea, as it were."

Signor Garlieko caused much merriment when he came forward one night to apologize for the non-appearance of the great soprano, Madame Ella Vator.

"Madame Vator ees a leetle horse," he said.

Noticing a ripple of laughter among the audience, he repeated the statement that Mme. Vator was "a leetle horse, a leetle horse; had a leetle colt."

Whereupon a facetious occupant of the gallery brought down the house by crying out:

"Well, then, trot her out!"

Oversight or Neglect

It was a sleepy sort of day, the class was about half the usual size and the Prof. was calling the roll in a half-absent manner. To each name some one had answered "here" until the name "Smith" was called. Silence reigned supreme for a moment only to be broken by the Prof's voice.

"My word! Hasn't Mr. Smith any friends here?"

Flat: "I want you to come to our dance."

Broke: "Thanks, Is it formal, or shall I wear my own clothes?"

"SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED."

A True Drama.

Time: Day of the Big Storm February, 1924.

Scene: The Tunnel from Main Building to the Men's Building.

The wind roars outside.

First Short Course Farmer: "It's a little leaky and draughty down here!"

Second S. C. F.: "Tolerable."

First S. C. F.: "Might have made it a little higher while they were about it."

Second S. C. F.: "Might have"

First S. C. F.: "Might be a little better lighted along here!"

Second S. C. F.: "Wa-ll!"

The wind continues to roar outside.





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Brenda:—I think Evelyn is down-hearted."

Nan:—"Re(i)lly?"

McG:—"Fussing to day Bob?"

Bob:—"Likely."

Stranger (at Mrs. Wright's):—Have you any mushrooms?

Waitress:—No, but we could rent you the chesterfield in the front room.

On Monday afternoon they sit on the stairs

like this.

On Wednesday afternoon they sit on the stairs

like this

On Saturday evening they sit on the stairs

likethis.

P. S. Ain't we got fun?

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If we publish things from other papers we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job we ought to be out rustling news.

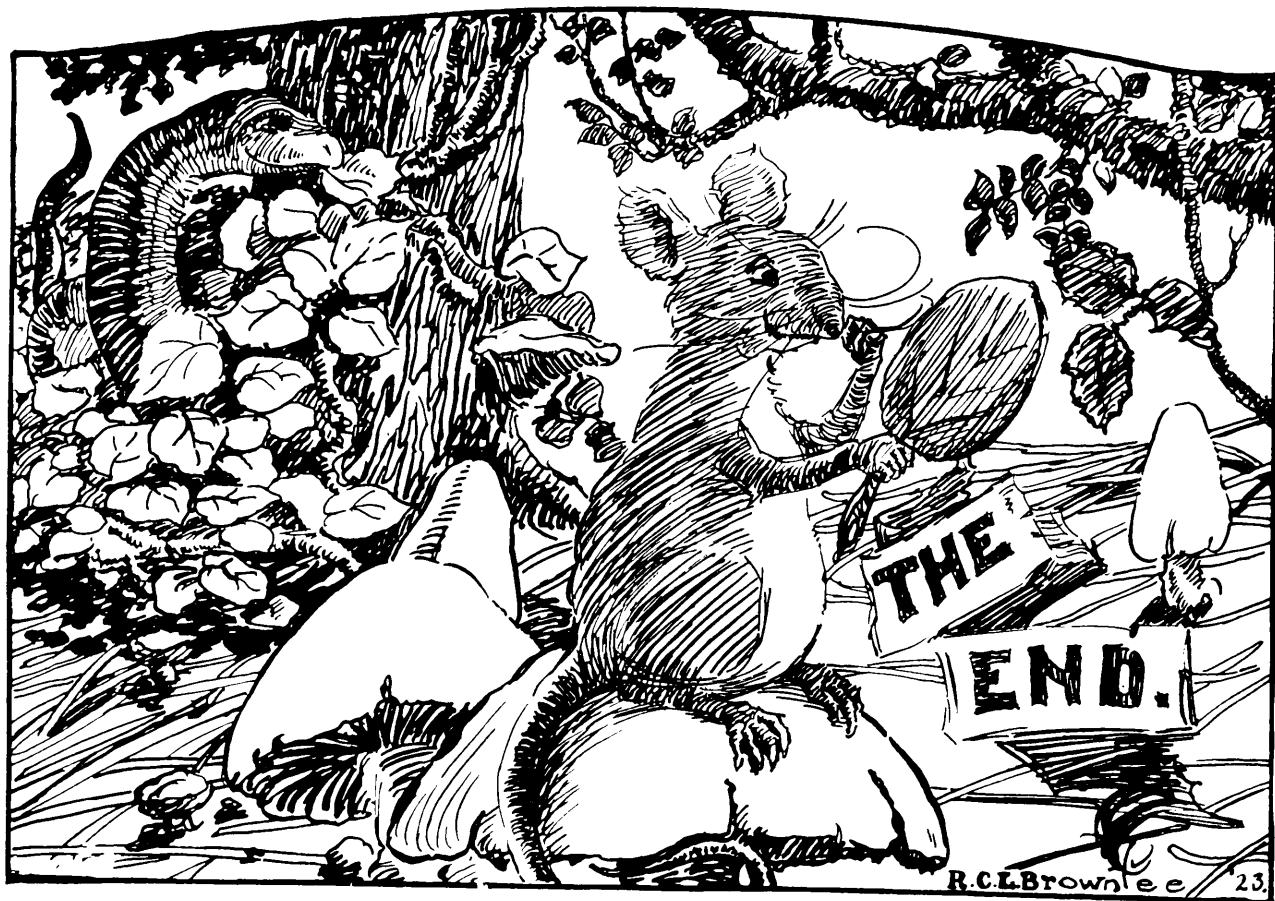
If we are rustling news we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions we are not showing proper appreciation.

If we do print them the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from some exchange.

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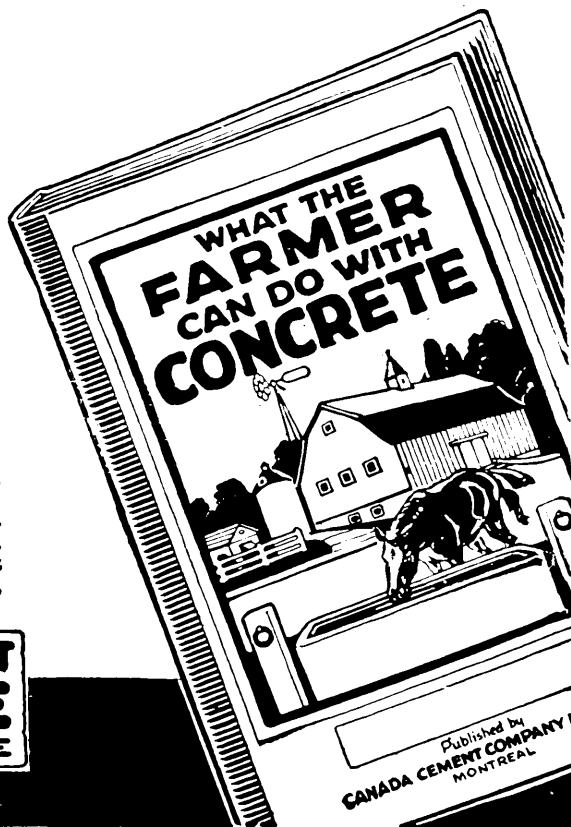
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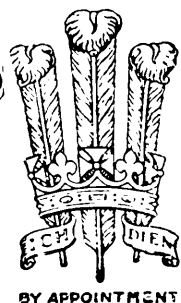
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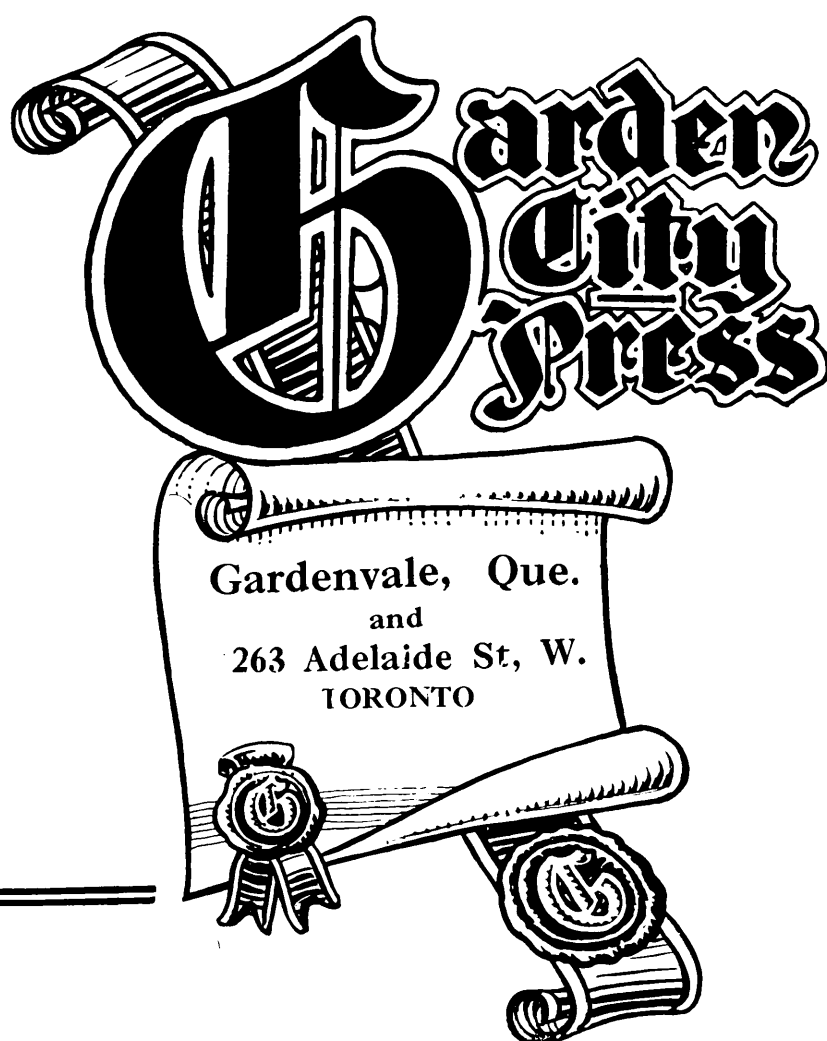
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